

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2861.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE.
"THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE." } By Post, 6½d.



PRINCESS ENA, DAUGHTER OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, INJURED BY A FALL FROM HER PONY, FEB. 10.

From a Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, I.W.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN

In an interesting paper in the current *Contemporary* it is complained that the records of old age are now chiefly contributed by young gentlemen of twenty-five at most. But, as a matter of fact, it is the young for the most part who, for reasons best known to their elders, have always had the handling of this subject. When a great piece of good fortune has happened to one, a modest person can hardly be expected to boast of it, and perhaps that is why the persons who have attained a great age—with the exception of our old friends the advertising centenarians—keep a discreet silence upon the matter. There is, indeed, an admirable classical essay on the subject, the "De Senectute," but there is no great flourish of trumpets in it; and if one reads between the lines it seems that the author, on the contrary, is making the best of a bad job. No "old man eloquent" has been so persuasive as to convince an auditor of eighteen that it is better to be eighty.

When I was of the former age I was once walking in a certain garden with a divine more than four times my years—a kind old man, respected, beloved, with everything about him, as it seemed, to make the evening of life pleasant. I suppose I must have said something to that effect, though I have no remembrance of it, but I remember well how he suddenly laid his hand upon my shoulder and exclaimed with intense earnestness: "Pray, pray, my lad, that you may never live to be an old, old man." He did not add "like me," as though he had any personal grudge against longevity—and, indeed, so far as I know, the contrary was the fact, for if ever old age seemed to be blessed it was in his case—but his remark was a revelation to me. The observation of Samuel Rogers: "There is no such thing as a fine old man" is mere bitterness and cynicism compared with it. The speaker was not a poet whom fame had deserted, nor a man of the world to whom life only presented the embers of extinct pleasures, but a country clergyman whom every member of his flock claimed for a friend.

To quote Shakspeare on such a matter is like quoting proverbs: you can get statements about it in direct contradiction to one another. But his description of the last stage of human life (*sans* everything)—only paralleled for wretchedness by Keats, "where palsy shakes a few last sad grey hairs"—seems to weigh down what is said *per contra* respecting "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends"; indeed, the last-named blessing seems strangely out of place, since one of the saddest accompaniments of old age is the loss of our contemporaries, who are generally our closest friends. Dr. Johnson, who had no illusions on the subject, recommends us to make friends of younger men to guard as much as possible against this mischance, but the advice is not easy to follow. It is true that the Patriarchs not only lived to years that would have ruined all the annuity offices of the East, had there been any, and really seem to have liked it; but they were gifted, as we are not, in many ways. They started, for example, new establishments without censure at a time of life which would in these days have excited remarks in the society papers; and, moreover, when one had got over one's first two hundred years or so, it is probable that the addition of another century made no great difference in arrangements which might well have seemed to be for good and all.

A writer in the *Lady's Journal*, in commenting on the story of the doctor's page introducing a patient as "Jones" instead of "Mr. Jones," upon the ground that he did not know he was married, contends that the boy was not to blame so much as our own lingual deficiency in the matter. Men ought to have a prefix, she says, which should indicate at once whether they are married or single. It would be more convenient, doubtless, for the feminine world, but some married men would not like this plan at all. The only chance they have of being received with civility by the other sex is this doubt of their eligibility for matrimony. The difference of treatment that a curate experiences in his new "sphere of usefulness" when it is discovered that he is a married man is said to form a great contrast with his welcome before that revelation takes place. It is wrong, of course, to permit oneself to be made much of, under false pretences, even for a week, but the temptation must be almost irresistible. Moreover, though it is true the ladies have their "Mrs." and "Miss" to denote their connubial or celibate condition, there is nothing to indicate it in their epistolary communications; they persist in withholding this information from their correspondents, who consequently never know how to address them. Editors, of course, are constantly placed in this embarrassing position. It is safer, they tell me, to write "Mrs.": most women, unless they are advocates of female rights, prefer it to be supposed that some male has fallen a victim to their bow and spear, but others are most indignant at such a supposition. "You address me as Mrs.," wrote one of these the other day, "when I have been known here [and, curiously enough, she wrote from the Isle of Man] as a maiden lady for these sixty years: it is a most unprovoked and unwarrantable insult."

Some Welsh ecclesiastics have recently proposed in Convocation that the good old custom of burying suicides

at the junction of four cross-roads, with a stake through them, should be revived, with the view of putting a stop to the increasing practice of self-destruction. They think that the notion of not being buried in consecrated ground would deter persons otherwise bent upon leaving the world. If Mr. Monson's counterfeit presentment at Madame Tussaud's is to be removed, the space can hardly be better utilised than for the reception of these "pagans suckled in a creed outworn." I would pay a shilling willingly to see them, and if in their native dress—as Druids—sixpence extra.

Quite another sort of persons, enamoured of novelty rather than of ancient usages, are all for the utilisation of suicides. If a man is resolutely determined upon putting an end to himself, they think it right that the selfishness of the act, unless accompanied by some public benefit, be pointed out to him. If he is going to quit the world, he need fear no consequences such as result, for example, from tyrannicide; or, in these Anarchist days, he might be made very useful by the police in the investigation of bombs, which even the boldest inspector regards with averted eye. ("Just see whether there is anything in it before you go, there's a good fellow; it can't signify to you.")

The S. U. S.—Society for the Utilisation of Suicides—looks, in fact, upon these offenders like the audience in the theatre with the bad orchestra upon the man about to be thrown out of the gallery: "Do not waste him; throw him on the ophicleide." I don't defend the principle, but it is, at least, reasonable; it proves that one man's necessity may be made, without any hurt to him, the opportunity of quite a number of people, though in his dolorous condition they can hardly be said to "grasp the skirts of happy chance." At all events, whatever may be said against it, it is less barbarous and inept than the proposal to revive the old stake-and-cross-road system of sepulture.

In an article upon bores in the *Nineteenth Century* regret is expressed that none of the scourges of the human race who have polished off their fellow-creatures by the hundred ever turned their attention to bores. If they had done so their memory would have been held in less detestation; but this is the very field for the exercise of the S.U.S. If the secretary hasn't a promising case in hand I should like to direct his energies in one or two quarters. There is Brown, for example, who has been all round the world, and insists upon narrating his experiences to every member of the club, especially to the insular ones, who do not care twopence for anything beyond the four seas. "It would be as good a deed as drink" to remove Brown from this earthly ball which he descants on so persistently; and, while he is about it, let him, before performing his own happy despatch, despatch Jones, who will talk to us about the last book he has read, the last play he has seen, the last place he has visited, as though there were no other books or plays or places in the wide world. As to the literary bore, who converses—that is, soliloquises—upon his own works, and has been known even to read specimens from a forthcoming one aloud, the S.U.S. may well contend that to make an end of him is everybody's business, and that it is not called upon to employ its rare and delicate machinery for such an obvious purpose. But it should not overlook the man of information, who knows (which he is welcome to do, but also imparts to us who don't want to know) the number of miles the planet Venus is distant from the moon, or the weight of pork sausages exported annually from Chicago.

If the sufferings of those who have suffered from bores could be recorded, Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" would be a brief and cheerful record compared with them, but the subject is too gigantic. The author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has given his experience of them in the most graphic and touching verse—

I have looked on the face of the Bore,
The voice of the Simple I know,
I have welcomed the Flat to my door,
I have sat by the side of the Slow.

These lines are perfect, except that the word Flat suggests somebody that one can get something out of, which with a Bore is impossible. The line should run "I have welcomed the Muff to my door." When Wendell Holmes was last in England, a learned friend of mine (who, of course, had never read a word of his writings) was invited to meet him somewhere, and besought me to give him a quotation, and I gave him the above immortal verse. He used it skilfully, and he told me the Doctor was delighted. "It is one," he said, "of my favourite poems" (and no wonder) "and I am glad to find it such a household word."

Among the advantages derived from the execution of Vaillant will, I hope, be the destruction of the popular admiration for criminals who "die game." No greater blackguard, whether as regards his social or domestic character, no being more sorry for himself or more pitiless to others, ever breathed than Vaillant, and yet there is no record of anyone having died more "game." A certain portion of the religious world is wont to gauge the strength of a man's faith by the calmness with which he meets his end, but in this man was a stoicism quite colossal, except in that outburst with which he resented the offer of spiritual aid. The Chinaman goes to the scaffold as cheerfully as to his bed if he has but a cigarette to smoke, but Vaillant, we read, rejected "the

cigarette and glass of brandy always given to the condemned," saying, "I have courage of my own." And doubtless he had a great deal of courage—of a certain sort. Though of a more impressive, because of a rarer kind, it is as worthless, however, as a moral attribute, as that of some cruel brigand who after a hundred murders sells his own life dearly enough rather than be captured. The populace admire his stubborn resistance, though it only shows his want of reasoning power in setting a fancy value upon what was entirely worthless. They have the same admiration for the tiger, because he also—though indeed, it is difficult for him to help it—dies game.

Whichever of the two rival publishers who claim to have the right of bringing out Count Tolstoi's book be in the wrong, he is not so much in the wrong as the author. The mistake, on whichever side, seems to have been caused by the fanatical folly of the Count himself, who does not think there ought to be such a thing as a copyright. We have persons in England who hold that opinion, but so far as I know they have never themselves written anything worth protecting. The notion of "not writing for money," as it is vulgarly termed, is of quite recent origin. The great masters of literature would have scorned such a puerile affectation; indeed Walter Scott, in his recent "Familiar Letters," has expressed his contempt for the notion, which seems to have been broached for the first time in his day. Byron, it is true, commenced his literary career with this fad, but he very soon escaped from it, and, indeed, appears to have recouped himself for that early error by making some exceptionally fine bargains. Both Shakspeare and Tennyson had very good eyes for the main chance, nor do I know of any of our intermediate poets who have taken less than they could get—and, indeed, it was often little enough—for their productions.

The article by "An Old Foggy" on young authors, in the *Contemporary Review*, is written, says my favourite newspaper, with what seems unnecessary emphasis, "either by Mr. Andrew Lang or the Devil." Some of the young authors of whom it treats will doubtless ascribe it to the last-named individual, but, as it seems to me, with great injustice. The old fogies of my acquaintance, at least, are much less careful of the feelings of our youthful bards than their latest critic. New poetry is the one branch of literature which even literary persons, when advanced in age, find it difficult to admire. They can only stand the old vintages. The Byron bin is the favourite poetical tippie of the patriarchs. "Give me Byron," they say; but I am not sure that they have read him very recently. To them even Tennyson is obscure. The next generation adore Shelley and Keats and Tennyson, but sniff at Browning. They wish to know "what the deuce he means," and it is not everybody that can tell them. All these poets had to "thole," as the Scotch call it, in their youth; had to bear the slings and arrows of the most outrageous criticisms, which are now the most amusing contents of the old *Edinburgs* and *Quarterlies*, and to win their way to the temple of fame through torrents of ridicule. Our poets of the present day get their laurels early, and are taken from the first almost as seriously as they take themselves. Someone (I think Sydney Smith) describes straw being laid down at Rogers's door whenever he was delivered of a couplet; but all London is now hushed when one of our young poets brings forth so much as a "ballade." And there are so many of them. If they fulfil the promises that are made for them by their literary godfathers and godmothers there will be memorial tablets in the next generation but two (for they are all juveniles) in every street. Mr. Andrew Lang (or the other one) does not find them so difficult as most old fogies do, but they *are* difficult: where some of them get their language from I do not pretend to know, but it is certainly not from the dictionary. My impression is, they make it at home, and hope to get it into popular use, like other novel manufactures, by copious advertisement. For it cannot be denied that they do advertise, or have friends who do it for them. One has heard more about new poets within the last six months than in the previous decade. One or other of them are interviewed by journalists, portrayed by photographers, and immortalised by reviewers every week; and yet they are all in the lowest depths of despondency. Why, oh why, in such sunshine are they sad?

It is curious, because the new novelists, about whom the "Old Foggy" also discourses, are for the most part very cheerful. Mr. Stevenson is gay, Mr. Barrie has a great deal of humour mingled with his pathos, Mr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman are full of wholesome vigour, and Mr. Guthrie is always in tearing spirits. Even the very youngest of them, such as Mr. Hornung and Mr. Merriman, are not wholly given up to despair; then wherefore should our young poets be so sad? In Shakspeare we read of one who had "a trick of melancholy, and sold a goodly manor for a song"; but these gentlemen seem to dispose of their songs (or, at all events, the first editions of them) at good prices, and yet are melancholy. Our tale-tellers in snippets are also extremely pessimistic. Their short-lived heroes and heroines are never allowed to marry. I asked an old foggy why these short-story writers are so sad. "Well, of course," he replied, "because they know they can't write long stories."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG.

An accident happened on Saturday, Feb. 10, to the infant daughter of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Ena (Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena), who is six years of age, born at Balmoral, Oct. 24, 1887, the second child of their Royal Highnesses. She was riding on a pony, attended by a groom, in the grounds at Osborne. The animal stumbled, the groom fell down, and the little Princess was thrown forward, her head striking the ground. She was, however, able to walk to Osborne House, but afterwards became unconscious. During the night her condition gave much cause for anxiety, and a telegram was sent to London summoning one of the Queen's physicians, Dr. Powell, and a professional nurse. We are glad to hear that the child is not seriously injured.

THE LATE MR. R. M. BALLANTYNE.

It is curious to note in the history of our later-day fiction how little the reputations of the books which our grandfathers read in their youth have suffered from the advance of new names or of great literary victories. *Quid non longa valebit permixtura dies?* asked Claudianus; but thirty years, at any rate, have left the boyish imprimatur much where it was. Marryat yet holds pride of place in school libraries, Fenimore Cooper's genius is relished by thousands, Tom Hughes is potent as in his first vigour, while of later writers Henty and Mayne Reid flourish in their works with a vitality which is perennial and unweakened. Save for the shelf which is given to the occasional masterpiece—to a "Treasure Island" or a "Dead Man's Rock"—the libraries of sons are much what the libraries of the fathers were; and few of them would be deemed complete if they lacked such volumes as "The Coral Island" or "Fighting the Flames," or, indeed, the majority of the generously long volumes with which the late Mr. R. M. Ballantyne delighted three generations and will delight others yet unborn. His death, happening last week in Rome, is veritably a calamity to many a lad seeking more adventures from his ready pen or looking to him in a vague way as a friend who would send cheery letters to those that asked them, and deem nothing in the history of *la jeunesse* as alien to his sympathies. The story of Mr. Ballantyne's life is a very plain one. He was born sixty-seven years ago, and in the year 1841 he went out to the Hudson's Bay Company as a clerk. Of such labour he soon wearied, and after six years of ardent service he returned to England to publish his first work, which he was ever modest enough to call a "flash in the pan." This little brochure, entitled "The Hudson's Bay Company," remained his only effort in the literature of romance for eight years; but when he had long forgotten it, the book came to the notice of Mr. Nelson, the publisher, who asked for more with an expectant appetite. The result was the publication of "The Young Fur-Traders" in the year 1855, and from that time onward Ballantyne's literary zeal and realisation continued at a high point until his last illness at Rome. His books may, even by a modest appraiser, be regarded as works which trended for good in the life of nearly every English boy. Though, in the opinion of many, their artistic merit was in some measure made subservient to a constant enunciation of religious truths, there was yet such an unflagging adventurous spirit that they never failed to engross and hold their young readers. Much of their success is to be laid to the thoroughness with which their author did his work. It was his abiding custom to know from experience those phases of exciting life which he set himself to portray. Did he write of the Cornish mines, he went to Cornwall, and with pick and shovel worked in the habiliments of the humblest miner; or dealing with the London Fire Brigade, he spent days at the headquarters of the firemen, going with them to their work, dressing in their clothes, helping at "watches," and in all things playing the rôle he was to embody in a long volume of fiction. The fertility of his creative power is well expressed in the record of his labours; for he produced no less than eighty complete stories, grappling with life in all quarters of the globe; and for the main part writing only on the adage of the copy-book, *Experientia docet*. How good much of his work was best proved by the knowledge that it has lived; that the boy who is offered in fiction to-day the thrilling pursuit of the new marvels of aerial navigation and of *fin-de-siècle* science clings yet with an enduring love to the more homely meats which the author of "The Bell Rock Lighthouse" put before him. And he mourns, I doubt not, the loss of this in many ways great man, who during long years has held on high a lamp which lighted the way to truth and manliness and purity.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

Miss Olga Nethersole has been so long identified with the class of characters on the stage commonly described as adventuresses, that her essay in a purely sympathetic part was anticipated with much curiosity. It may be said, without reservation, that Miss Nethersole's performance in "The Transgressor" thoroughly justifies her claim to the qualities which ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm of popular emotion. Mr. Gattie's play has the defects of inexperience, and it is a little too conspicuously framed to give the heroine a passionate scene in the third act. It is difficult to feel much interest in the woes of the hero, who committed bigamy because his first wife has been in a lunatic asylum for twenty years, and there is

something much more shabby than sentimental in his treatment of the second wife, who has married him in total ignorance of the secret. But the scene in which Miss Nethersole learns the truth about her position, and clings to the man in spite of his deception, is well conceived, and very powerfully acted. Miss Nethersole has a remarkable reserve of emotional force, and she displays in this incident a power which fairly electrifies her audience. More than that, there is a distinction in her acting and an admirable modulation of voice which ought to be instructive to many of our young actresses, who seem to acquire everything except the gift of diction.

THIRLMERE WATERWORKS AND ROAD.

The Manchester City Corporation will soon be gratified by the formal opening of the extensive system of waterworks for the supply of that populous community and its busy factories, including those of the neighbouring district, from the beautiful lake to the west of Helvellyn, lying 550 ft. above the sea-level, consecrated by the poetry of Wordsworth and of Sir Walter Scott; by the latter in his romantic "Bridal of Triermain." Thirlmere, which was not three miles long, about a quarter of a mile broad, and 108 ft. deep, has been made larger, and its water-surface has been raised 20 ft. higher by these operations; but its shores are greatly altered from their former aspect, and it is no longer appropriate to quote the familiar descriptive verses. But tourists who love the scenery of the Lake district may still enjoy

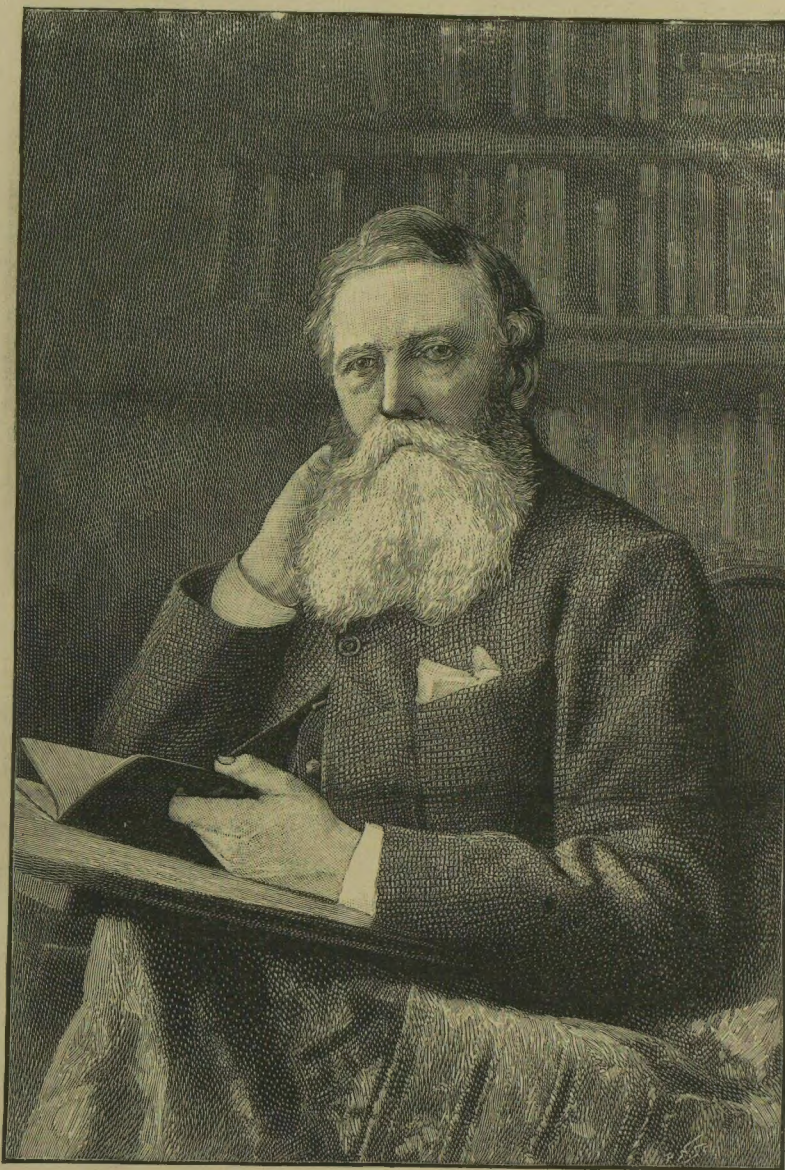


Photo by Fradette and Young, Regent Street.

THE LATE MR. R. M. BALLANTYNE.

most convenient and agreeable walks, rides, or drives all round Thirlmere, by the fine new roads constructed under the Act of Parliament which sanctioned the Manchester Waterworks scheme. We mentioned, in the first week of February, the opening by the Lord Mayor of that city, Mr. Alderman Marshall, of the road along the west side of the lake. The Mayor of Salford was also present. This road, well above the water, commanding finer views than could be obtained from that side before, when they were hidden by Dalehead Park and Great How, is five miles and a half long, from the foot of Dunmail Pass, at the south end, to Shoulthwaite Moss on the north. It has cost £29,000. The engineering work at the lake itself may be described on a future occasion. It comprises the formation of a huge dam, 100 ft. high and 50 ft. thick, of rock embedded in Portland cement, and faced with hard stone, at the north end, with two discharging tunnels, one 30 ft. above the other, to regulate the outflow. The water-supply for Manchester will be drawn from the south end, and will pass through tunnels and pipes. Mr. G. H. Hill is chief engineer; Mr. R. Barnett, resident engineer on the Lancaster section, and Mr. S. B. Winsor, at Preston. Sir John Harwood, of Manchester, is chairman of the Waterworks Committee.

FROM THE DUST-BIN TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The refuse matter of households and towns cannot be allowed to remain, but its removal and destruction are costly operations. It is an important economic question how it can be turned to profitable uses by consuming it in such a manner as to develop natural forces that can be serviceably applied.

To witness the demonstration of a new system of disposing of town refuse—the invention of M. Fontaine de Livet, a Frenchman, who has for more than twenty years applied himself to the consideration of the subject—the writer of this report, with other persons invited, paid a visit to the temporary installation of certain small works near Halifax. The result of the clever Frenchman's studies has been the invention of a marvellously ingenious furnace, combining the destruction of offensive matter stored in ash-pits with the generation of heat, through a process of expanding flues, which can be utilised for the purpose of driving machinery or dynamos for the electric light. The value of such an invention cannot be over-estimated when the yearly increasing cost of fuel is considered. Apart from this, the invention has other claims on our attention. It is recommended by the entire absence of smoke and smell.

The building at Halifax is one which only seemed small in comparison with the importance of an invention that may effect a revolution in one branch of domestic economy. Like all clever ideas, this invention is characterised by simplicity; and one almost wonders that it has not occurred to somebody before. By a combination of expanding flues, a powerful natural draught is obtained without any artificial aid. This furnace is a very accommodating, all-devouring monster. Throughout the day it absorbed various substances such as grate-ashes, decayed vegetation, the sardine-tins of commerce, the aged boot, and other things met with in repositories devoted to the reception of rubbish.

After an inspection of the premises, the visitors were treated to an exhaustive dissertation, from which they learnt that, in the Livet furnace, the air is brought into close contact with every part of the combustible matter, and complete combustion thus takes place. After the bridge is passed, the flues begin to expand, and the expansion continues to the chimney, so that the gases are gradually cooled, and are brought into a state of tension or partial vacuum.

Another important advantage is also derived from this special construction of flue. In the ordinary refuse-destructor a difficulty is experienced owing to the way in which the flues become choked with dust; but in the Livet furnaces there are chambers in which the gases are for a time in a state of rest; while the particles of dust settle to the bottom, and are collected in boxes, which can be readily removed. The furnaces at Halifax have now been working for about three months, and it is said that very little dust has been formed in the flues.

To what end, it will be inquired, is the power, when produced, to be used? The company who own the Livet system say that the natural way will be to light the locality by electricity. To show that they practise what they preach, they have an electric-light installation connected with the boilers at King's Cross (Halifax), and they claim that they can produce a light of 250,000-candle power by burning refuse, without mixing it with coal or preparing it in any way. The average quantity of rubbish produced in a town of 300,000 inhabitants is supposed to be about 150 tons a day in winter, and 116 tons in summer—a quantity believed to be more than sufficient to light the whole district with electricity.

"THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE."

Lady Georgiana Spencer, better known as the Duchess of Devonshire, was the arbitress of fashion during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. She was "Patroness" of a ladies' club, which was exclusive but not priggish, and where beauty was held in as much esteem as wit. For the painters of the day, the Duchess was the most attractive and at the same time the most tantalising model, but she sat to all of the most distinguished with equal good-nature. Reynolds had painted her as a child of six standing by her mother's knee; some years later, as a bride in those "plumes" of which, as adornments for ladies, she had set the fashion; and a few years afterwards as a young mother playing with her baby. The picture here given is that of the Duchess on the threshold of her married life, and it is interesting to compare this with an almost contemporaneous portrait of her done by Gainsborough. Both of them are at Althorpe, and are so hung that the extraordinary dissimilarity of the two painters' ways of seeing their sitter can be admirably appreciated, although scarcely more than eighteen months, or at the utmost two years, separated Gainsborough's from Reynolds's portrait. Walpole, who was, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced, allows that the Duchess outshone all her rivals, but he will not admit that she was a beauty: "Her youth, figure, glowing good-nature, sense, lively modesty, and modest familiarity make her a phenomenon." Her new-fashioned feather head-dresses had called forth much criticism, and still more verses, from the writers of *vers de société*, who were more numerous then than now. Politics, as is well known, were much helped in those days by the beauties of both sides. The Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe were gaining hearts and turning votes for the Whigs, while the Duchess of Rutland and the Countess of Jersey were equally eager on the side of the Tories. All of them in turn sat to Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, or other of the great portrait-painters, and most of them were members of the Ladies' Club—already alluded to—which, established in 1771 on the model of White's, soon rivalled it in the brilliancy of its entertainments, and, it must be added, in the high play for which its members soon developed an alarming taste. If the Ladies' Club, like the Dilettante, had had the portraits of its members painted by Reynolds, posterity would have been the richer; but at least we have the satisfaction of possessing in the present picture the portrait of one of its most distinguished members.



Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, W.

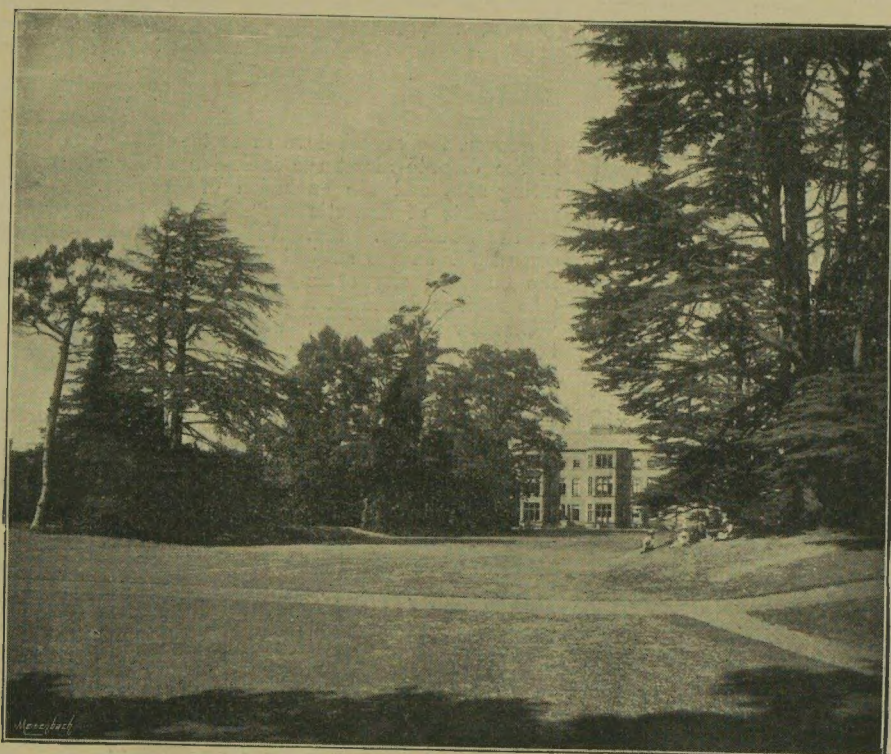
MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "THE TRANSGRESSOR," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

"I should be loyal to my Ahab, even if he were in the wrong."

THE LATE SIR HARRY VERNEY, BART.

A good example of the modern English country gentleman, estimable for his private and public character, and venerable in the healthy vigour of extreme old age, a consistent Liberal politician, one of the original Whig members of the first Reformed House of Commons over sixty years ago, a

Hertfordshire family of landed gentry, the Calverts of Albury Hall and Nine Ashes; his father, a distinguished military officer of the Peninsular War, General Sir Harry Calvert, G.C.B., K.H., Adjutant-General and Lieutenant-



CLAYDON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE VERNEY FAMILY.

beneficent landowner, agricultural improver, and useful county magistrate, died on Monday, Feb. 12, at Claydon House, near Winslow, Buckinghamshire; this was Sir Harry Verney. Born on Dec. 8, 1801, in the first year of the century, he had reached ninety-two, but had no bodily ailments or infirmities a week before his death, rode on horseback, transacted business, and was arranging a scheme of allotments on his estate. It may be remembered that his ninetieth birthday was celebrated by his tenants, labourers, and neighbours with a pleasant rural festival. Sir Harry challenged all the octogenarians in the parish to run a hundred yards' race with him on the green, and fairly won the contest. He has walked steadily and uprightly over the long course of life, "unhasting but unrelaxing," favoured by his inherited position and never too eager for higher prizes in the race of public ambition, though his abilities were doubtless equal to passable work in office, and he was a valued member of a once-powerful party in the State.

Sir Harry's name at first was Calvert, one of an old

Governor of Chelsea Hospital, was created a Baronet in 1818; his mother was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Hammersley. The name of Verney belonged to another ancient family, settled in Buckinghamshire, at Long Marston, since the beginning of the thirteenth century. Sir Ralph Verney, Lord Mayor of London, in 1466 purchased the Claydon estate; Sir Edmund Verney was standard-bearer in the army of King Charles at the battle of Edge Hill in 1642, where he was killed; a baronetcy was conferred on his sons at the Restoration; an Irish peerage, with the titles of Baron Verney of Belturbet and Viscount Fermanagh, was granted to Sir John Verney by Queen Anne in 1703, and the second Viscount was made Earl Verney; but the earldom became extinct in 1791, and the Hon. Mary Verney was then created Baroness of Fermanagh. This lady bequeathed her estates to a maternal half-sister, Catherine Calvert, from whom they passed by will in 1827 to the late Baronet, and he, by royal permission, assumed the name of Verney, quartering the arms of that family with those of the Calverts.

Educated at Harrow School and at Downing College, Cambridge, he passed through the Royal Military College, obtained a commission in the 7th Fusiliers, and served in the Grenadier Guards, retiring in 1827 with the rank of Major. In 1832 he was elected one of the members for the county of Buckingham. He was, in the House of Commons, a strenuous advocate of the abolition of negro slavery, poor-law reform, the amendment of the criminal code, tithe commutation, municipal corporations reform, penny postage, and repeal of the corn laws. He also took part, with Lord Shaftesbury and others, in Protestant Evangelical Church movements. From 1841 to 1846 he was not in Parliament, but returned to it as M.P. for Bedford; he twice again, however, represented Buckinghamshire, from 1857 to 1874 and from 1880 to 1885, and was appointed a Privy Councillor. The foundation, in 1838, of the English Agricultural Society, afterwards styled the Royal Agricultural Society of England, was a work in which Sir Harry Verney, with the then Duke of Richmond, Earl Spencer, Lord Portman, and Mr. Philip Pusey, took an active part. He remained to the end of his life much interested in its concerns, and especially studied the question of "la petite culture" and small holdings. Less than a fortnight before his death Sir Harry wrote to Mr. Ernest Clarke, the secretary of Royal Agricultural Society, a four-page letter in a firm, bold hand, asking him to pay another visit to Claydon, to talk over the question of allotments on the estate, and speaking of his prospective arrangements for a stay in town.

Sir Harry Verney was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, a magistrate and deputy lieutenant



THE LATE SIR HARRY VERNEY AT THE AGE OF NINETY.

Taken in the Grounds of Claydon House.

for Buckinghamshire, chairman of the Buckinghamshire Railway, and deputy-chairman of the Buckingham and Aylesbury Railway. He was also formerly major of the Bucks Militia, and in early life was employed for a short time in the diplomatic service, being attached to the mission in Würtemberg and Baden.

Sir Harry Verney married, first, in 1835, a daughter of Admiral Sir George Johnstone-Hope, and secondly, in 1858, Miss Frances Parthenope Nightingale, who died in 1890. This lady, a sister of Miss Florence Nightingale, had much literary talent, and was the author of family memoirs, essays, tales, and writings upon the question of peasant proprietorship of land. There are sons, one of whom succeeds to the baronetcy; and there is a grandson, Harry Calvert-Williams Hope Verney, who is twelve years of age, and is a future heir-apparent.

Our Illustrations are from photographs by Mr. S. G. Payne, of Aylesbury.



THE LATE LADY VERNEY.

After the Portrait by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.



THE LATE SIR HARRY VERNEY, WITH HIS GRANDSON.

It is expected in Germany that Queen Victoria will be accompanied on her journey to Italy by the Empress Frederick, who is anxious to show her Majesty her new country seat of Friedrichshof, in the Taunus Mountains. The Queen will go by Darmstadt and Biele to Florence. She will return through Coburg to be present at the wedding of her grandson, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and her granddaughter, Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg-Gotha.

PERSONAL.

An eminent German professor of surgery, one of the most skilful operators and learned scientific authorities in that department of the curing art, died on Feb. 6, at Abbazia, on the Austrian shore of the Adriatic.

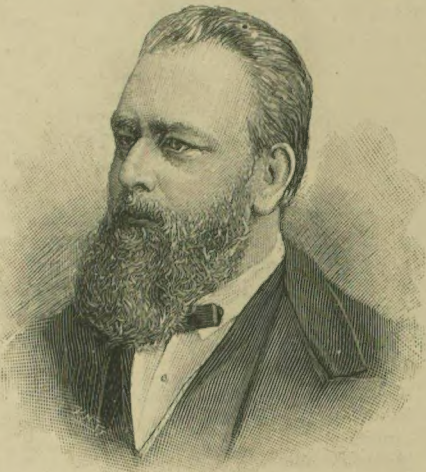


Photo by Adèle, Vienna.

THE LATE PROFESSOR BILLROTH, OF VIENNA.

Professor Billroth, of Vienna, was a native of Rügen, on the Baltic coast, and his family were of Swedish origin. He was educated at the Universities of Greifswald, in Pomerania, Göttingen, and Berlin. At the Prussian capital he was for some years assistant to Professor Langenbeck. In 1858 he was appointed professor of surgery at Zurich, and in 1867 at Vienna. During the war between France and Germany he attended to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Mannheim and Weissemburg, and made valuable investigations concerning gunshot wounds and the most effectual treatment of them; but one of his most remarkable performances as a specialist was the excision of cancer from the intestinal end of the stomach. Professor Billroth also devoted much attention to the improvement of military ambulances and field hospitals, and to the training of hospital nurses, for whose instruction he wrote a very useful "Manual," translated into English three or four years ago. He was also joint author of an important book on general and special surgery. In 1887 he was honoured by the Emperor Francis Joseph with a seat in the Chamber of Peers of Austria. Having a critical knowledge of music, and being a good violinist and pianist, an intimate friend of the composer Brahms, he latterly engaged in writing a treatise on the "Physiology of Music," which is likely, if ever produced, to furnish interesting explanations of the effects of melody and harmony in sound upon the nerves and brain. Billroth was in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The great servant question has reached an acute stage. There is an ultimatum from the servants' hall to the effect that a strike will reduce many households to chaos, to say nothing of starvation, unless masters and mistresses consent to conciliate "poor Jane" by foregoing their accustomed meals "once or twice a week" and doing without the sitting-room or bed-room fire. This is the revolt of domestic labour with a vengeance. "Poor Jane" must have her "evening out," and she cannot get it if she is expected to perform all the duties for which she is engaged. Why her employers should go without a fire or put up with a bad dinner because she needs a little recreation is not explained. But then so many things are unexplained in this world of revolts.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been soothsaying on the future of fiction. He thinks the short story will become permanent, and that the long novel has had its day. As for the various schools of story-telling, Mr. Gosse holds that the art must renew its youth by communing with its primitive elements—the psychological analysis of Richardson, the frolicsome fancy of Sterne, the naturalism of Fielding, and the romance of Smollett. Mr. Gosse made this interesting statement as a prelude to a lecture by Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe; but it is not easy to say what inspiration the author of "Wreckage," who is a distinct personality in the art of short stories, has derived from the primitive elements. There is very little akin, for example, between Fielding's naturalism and Mr. Crackanthorpe's, and it would be extremely difficult to write a frolicsome short story on the model of Sterne without seeming out of date. The whole mental attitude of fiction nowadays is different from that which prevailed when the great object of the novelist was to pack his pages with incident.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Biarritz appears to have given the French Government a good deal of anxiety. During the whole of the Prime Minister's stay he was constantly and respectfully watched by detectives. This was not because the French suspected some plot by the traditional perfidy of Albion, but because they felt a special responsibility for Mr. Gladstone's safety. In these days of reckless Anarchism who could feel sure that a bomb would not be thrown at England's Premier?

There must be competition everywhere, even among Pages of Honour. It seems that a vacancy is impending in this branch of the Royal Household, and many a fond mother is doubtless excited by the prospect. A Page of Honour is eligible for that office till the age of seventeen. After that his position in the service of Queen and country is indeterminate, for he is no longer entitled to receive a commission in the Guards, and to sell it if he choose, as a piece of personal property. In point of fact, the Page of Honour at seventeen is turned adrift upon a cold and cruel world. Until then he enjoys a salary of £150 a year, for which his duties are by no means arduous. Whether he ever saves anything out of this allowance with a view to the old age which begins when he is eighteen, we do not know.

A sad fate has befallen the Baron de Soubeyran, one of the most prominent financiers in Paris. He has been arrested on a grave charge of peculation, and lodged in the Conciergerie. That prison is historic but uncomfortable. Baron de Soubeyran finds it so obnoxious that

he refuses to lie on the bed provided for him, and sits up all night with sleepless fortitude. On the other hand, he is permitted to have his meals brought by his own chef in a private carriage—a concession which shows that the authorities are not unduly harsh. The question whether this indulgence would have been granted to a prisoner of less social importance appears to be agitating the popular mind in the capital of liberty, equality, and fraternity. We have had a similar question here when the law found it necessary to remit to jail no less a person than a duchess.

A new Irish representative peer has been elected to the House of Lords in the person of Viscount Templetown. The representative character of the peerage is somewhat limited, for elected peers in the Upper House represent simply the noblemen who have sent them there. Lord Templetown is one of the most active of Irish Unionist politicians. He succeeded to the title in 1890, and he is chiefly known in Ireland for the energy with which he has organised the Unionist forces in the "Protestant North." Ulster is covered with political organisations called Temple-town Clubs, sworn to maintain the Act of Union.

An attempt is being made to identify "Jack the Ripper" with a criminal lunatic now confined at Broadmoor. So far, the evidence in support of this theory is not very promising. If the Whitechapel murderer was the kind of lunatic described in some of the testimony now adduced, he would probably have been detected and arrested long ago. One story is to the effect that he accosted two people in a state of great excitement, declaring that a reward was offered for his apprehension, entreating them to hide him from the police, and incriminating himself with every word. That a man liable to such fits of crazy indiscretion should have utterly baffled the police all these years is not very credible. Besides, the authorities at Broadmoor ought to know something about the matter, and their silence is significant.

M. Edouard Pailleron, the author of the long-expected play, "Les Cabotins," produced last Monday at the Comédie Française, is best known in England as the author of "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie." A Parisian both by birth and inclination, M. Pailleron is a typical Boulevardier of sixty years of age. He began life as a lawyer's clerk, and from the age of six-and-twenty he has entirely supported himself as a playwright and a man of letters, his first work, a one-act play entitled "Le Parasite," having been played at the Odéon Theatre in 1860. He has written a considerable number of both one-act and three-act comedies, his greatest successes, in addition to "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," having been "L'Age Ingrat" and "La Souris." M. Pailleron in these plays contributed to French dramatic literature several charming ingénue rôles. He is said to be one of the wittiest diners-out in Parisian society, and he is one of the most popular members of the French Academy. Married to a daughter of M. Buloz, late editor-proprietor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, some of his most amusing comedies first appeared in literary form in that periodical.

One of the most remarkable contributions to the history of crime is Mr. William Whiteley's account of shoplifting. His experience as a tradesman convinces him that this offence has grown enormously. "It is not poor people who do it, but women of the middle and upper classes." The most striking anecdote is of the systematic theft practised by the daughters of an eminent barrister. When warned of this, the father was furious, and threatened Mr. Whiteley with ruin. Next day he admitted that the charge was true. He was a broken man, and has since given up his position and taken his daughters out of the country.

"Bibliomania" has an offensive significance, and "bibliolatriy" has an equivocal meaning of theological purport; but the antiquarian connoisseur of books is one of the most intellectually dignified species of collectors; and his researches often serve to discover points of biographical and historical importance. All such people, unless they are on the prowl to snatch valuable relics of obsolete publications for a shilling, by taking advantage of the ignorance of a bookstall keeper or a common auctioneer, must hold in respect the name of Mr. John Wilkinson, the veteran dealer, fifty-two years partner of the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, who lately died in the ninety-third year of his age. He was learned in the history of editions, and likewise in engravings, pictures, coins, and other works of art; personally he was much esteemed, and was liked for his obliging disposition and courteous manner. Mr. Wilkinson was from 1856 a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Numismatic Society. The business with which he was connected has been carried on during a century and a half; its first sale, conducted by Samuel Baker, was in 1744, about the date of the deaths of Pope and Swift. The late Mr. Wilkinson, of whose early life we know only that he was the son of a Yorkshire clergyman, became a partner, in 1843, of Samuel Leigh Sotheby and John Sotheby; Mr. Hodge was taken into the partnership in 1864.

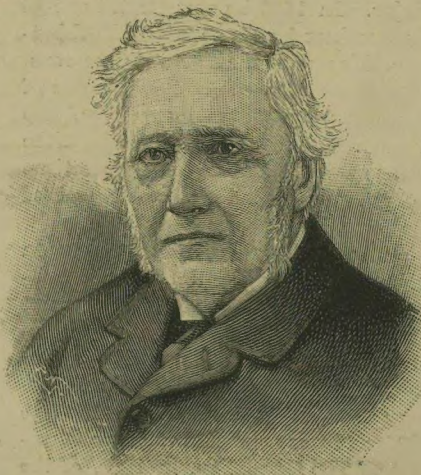


Photo by Lambert, Wiston and Son, Fulkstone.

THE LATE MR. JOHN WILKINSON.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The House has resumed its sittings under conditions which must be somewhat disquieting to Mr. Marjoribanks. Everything was well enough for the Government while the Lords' amendments to the Scotch Fisheries Bill were discussed. There is no great excitement in the English mind about Scotch fish, and the whole controversy appears to turn on the unwillingness of most Scotchmen to pay any rate for the support of the fishing industry while there is the ghost of a chance of getting the necessary bawbees from the Treasury. In this respect the debate was highly characteristic of the Caledonian mind. Moreover, the Scotch love of metaphysics was displayed in the dispute about the inclusion of Edinburgh in the rating area and the exclusion of Glasgow. This led to refinements of dialectic quite beyond the apprehension of the Southron. Mr. Wallace endeavoured to throw some light on the subject by informing the House that the Glasgow city arms contained a fish, and that the Glaswegians described a particular sort of herring as a "Glasgow magistrate"; whether out of compliment to the local magistracy or as sarcasm on the herring, Mr. Wallace was unable to say. Another entertainment was supplied by Mr. Marjoribanks, who spoke in his capacity as a Scotch member, and inadvertently described Mr. Balfour as "the leader of the House." This was jubilantly hailed by the Opposition as an omen, and, indeed, the proceedings on the following evening must have made Mr. Marjoribanks bethink himself superstitiously of that slip of the tongue.

For when the House came to consider the Lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill, it was evident that the Government had made a serious miscalculation. With a view to peacemaking they adopted an amendment of Mr. Cobb's providing that for existing insurance societies there should be three years' grace before they came within the scope of the Act. The Opposition scoffed at this as no concession at all; moreover, some Liberals argued shrewdly enough that there was no point in the time limit. "Nobody wants the amendment except the honourable member who moved it," said Mr. Chamberlain; and sure enough it was carried by a majority of only two—that is to say, by Mr. Cobb's own vote, which counted two on a division. Mr. Chamberlain would be a fortunate man if all his calculations were so swiftly and so completely verified. The debate contained no new matter, but it was enlivened by an amusing passage of arms between Mr. Plunket and Mr. John Burns. Mr. Plunket objected to the intervention of the Irish members, and quoted Mr. Burns to the effect that seventy-five per cent. of the Irish people were agriculturists, and therefore their interest in this Bill was very small. Mr. Burns retorted that Mr. Plunket was an Irish member, that he represented Dublin University, which had nothing to do with the Bill, and that his personal connection with the subject was due to the fact that he was a director of the London and North-Western Railway. Then Mr. Burns, in one of those bursts of ingenuous candour which endear him to the House, exclaimed, "The right honourable gentleman is not impartial in this business; neither am I. Why should we make any pretence of disinterestedness?" This touch of unaffected human nature was received with transports of hilarity. Even Mr. Burns's invective excites no resentment. It is impossible to believe that this cheery son of toil, with his beaming good-humour, can ever mean any mischief to anybody. So when the member for Battersea denounced the London and North-Western Railway men as the "industrial Judas Iscariots," the House laughed again. The last time I heard the name of that Biblical character in the House of Commons there was a furious uproar, ending in a free fight. But Mr. Burns might introduce the most obnoxious persons in history, sacred and profane, without offending anybody.

After the Pyrrhic victory of the Government on Mr. Cobb's amendment, the House divided on what was really the main issue—whether the principle of "contracting out," as laid down in Lord Dudley's amendment in "another place," should be incorporated in the Bill. The Ministerial majority on this crucial point was twenty-two, very considerably less than the majority which supported Mr. Asquith when the Bill was last before the House. It is needless to say that the Opposition were much encouraged by these trials of strength, and it is equally needless to point out that the Lords will be stimulated by Mr. Marjoribanks's first failure to keep his cohorts together. The absence of many Liberal and Irish members unpaired accounted, no doubt, for the shrinkage on the Ministerial side; but it is awkward that this should happen just at the moment when Ministers are urging the party to gird up their loins for a desperate struggle with the Peers. The Employers' Liability Bill is apparently lost, and the Government may or may not be cheered by Mr. Burns's assurance that the working classes will give them a great majority at the polls. "A hundred to a hundred and fifty," said the member for Battersea, amid the derisive mirth of the Unionists. This prediction cannot be very consoling at the moment to Mr. Asquith, who may say with reason to his colleagues: "I have a great regard for Cobb, but why I should be put into a slightly ridiculous position for the sake of his beaux yeux is a point I should like you to explain." That, I fancy, is too knotty a puzzle even for the combined intellect of a Cabinet Council.

In publishing the portrait of Sir E. Burne-Jones in our last issue we should have acknowledged that it was from a photograph by Mr. Frederick Hollyer, of Pembroke Square, from the well-known portrait by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

A scheme for renewing the attempt to finish the construction of the Panama Ship Canal, at a cost of twenty millions sterling, upon the basis of an agreement with M. Eiffel and with the late company, is occupying the attention of some Parisian financiers.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, with her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg), and with her Majesty the Empress Frederick of Germany, has been joined by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The removal of the Queen and royal family from Osborne to Windsor has been postponed a week, on account of the accident to one of the children, Princess Ena of Battenberg, who is said to be "recovering satisfactorily, but requires absolute rest for the present."

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Saturday, Feb. 10, returned to Sandringham House, Norfolk. The Prince of Wales came to London again on the Monday, and was next day visited, at Marlborough House, by the Grand Duke of Hesse.

The Duchess of Teck, on Saturday, Feb. 10, presented the shooting prizes to the 1st Surrey Rifle Volunteers at their headquarters in Camberwell.

On March 12 a Levée will be held by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, at St. James's Palace.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, is expected to arrive in Florence on March 24. The works at the Villa Fabbriotti are progressing rapidly. The garden is being put in order, and new paths have been opened to the villas owned by Mr. Stibbert and the Marchese di Ginori. The latter will be occupied by the Queen's suite, and her Majesty will be able to drive about the grounds of the three villas, which extend to about five acres. The Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz are staying at their villa of Castelli, and the Duke of Aosta will be in Florence during her Majesty's stay there.

General Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and Mr. John Scott, the Khedive's Judicial Adviser, have been made Knights Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived in London on Saturday evening, Feb. 10, on their return from Biarritz, and went to the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street. A Cabinet Council was held on the Monday.

The annual meeting of the council of the Irish Unionist Alliance was held in Dublin on Feb. 9. The Duke of Abercorn presided. Sir T. Butler, Lord Rosse, Viscount de Vesci, Lord Mayo, Lord Rathdonnell, and others took part in the subsequent proceedings.

The ninth annual meeting of the Irish Landowners' Convention was held on Feb. 8 in Dublin. The Duke of Abercorn, in opening the proceedings, referred to the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords, the question of the evicted tenants, land purchase, and other topics. Resolutions were adopted, thanking the House of Lords for their action in regard to the Home Rule Bill, and inviting information from all landlords in view of the proposed appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the working of the Irish Land Acts.

The National Liberal Federation met at Portsmouth on Monday, Feb. 12, under the presidency of Mr. Marjoribanks, M.P., and subsequently of Dr. Spence Watson. It was attended by the Right Hon. Mr. Acland. There were fifteen hundred delegates. Resolutions were passed expressing confidence in the Government and the determination of the meeting that the three chief Bills of the present Session shall become law, notwithstanding the opposition of the House of Lords. Mr. Acland said the Government had made up their minds that it was their duty to negative all the amendments which the House of Lords had introduced into the Parish Councils Bill. They had resolved that their measure should not be maimed or injured at the dictation of the House of Lords. A meeting was also held in the same town to demand the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The London Liberal and Radical Union held a meeting and resolved on the abolition of the House of Lords.

At a meeting of the council of the London Chamber of Commerce a resolution in favour of the formation of a Naval Defence Union was referred, after discussion, to the executive committee for consideration and report.

H.M.S. Edinburgh, an ironclad battle-ship of 9420 tons displacement, ordered to serve in the Reserve squadron as coastguard-ship in the Humber, was leaving Chatham on Saturday, Feb. 10, when she came into collision with a large iron barque, the Scottish Chief, anchored in the Medway near Sharpness Point. The barque had a rent torn in her starboard bow, and sank when tugs attempted to tow her to Stangate Creek. There was only one person on board, a watchman, who was taken off safe, with his dog.

A violent gale of wind from the south-west blew over nearly the whole of the British Islands on Sunday, Feb. 11, and during the night. Many buildings were damaged; chimneys fell through the houses in several towns of

England, and five or six persons were killed. Numberless trees were destroyed, and vessels were driven ashore on the seacoasts, with some loss of life.

In the London School Board, at its weekly meeting, the debate was resumed on the circular to teachers respecting religious instruction. The Rev. J. C. Ridgeway proposed a substitute for that recommended by the School Management Committee. Mr. Ridgeway's circular was rejected by 23 to 19 votes, and the further debate was adjourned.

Another hideous outrage has been perpetrated by the Anarchist conspirators in Paris. On Monday evening, Feb. 12, in the Café Terminus Hotel, Place St. Lazare, adjacent to the Great Western Railway Station, while the customers were listening to a band of music, a young man sitting there cast among them a small box made of a sardine-case, filled with some explosive and with pieces of lead, which burst, and wounded about twenty men and women. One of them, M. Bordes, an artist or draughtsman, is not likely to live. The scoundrel ran out, with a revolver in his hand, but was pursued; he fired five shots and used a dagger, wounding more than one of the police, but was captured. He gave at first the name of Louis Breton, and subsequently two different names; he is believed to have lately been in London. He says that his object was "to give a warning to the bourgeois Government which is so hard on the poor and miserable."

Despatches have been received from the Governor of the French West African Soudan containing details of the disaster near Timbuctoo and the Niger. It appears that a portion of the column which entered Timbuctoo on Jan. 10, under Colonel Bonnier, set out two days later, under the Colonel himself, with the entire staff, to reconnoitre a Touareg encampment. It was sur-



THE MANCHESTER WATERWORKS: OPENING THE NEW ROAD ROUND THIRLMERE BY THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.

prised while in camp, and only one of the European officers appears to have escaped, with a few of the men. Nine European officers, two sergeants, and about seventy of the native troops have "disappeared." The officer left in command at Timbuctoo reports that the enemy are prowling round the town, but that he has taken measures of defence. The disaster has created a sensation in Paris, and some urge the prompt despatch of reinforcements in order to retrieve it.

The eminent German pianist, Herr von Bülow, a native of Dresden, but long resident at Berlin, and latterly director of the Opera and Conservatorium at Munich, died on Feb. 12, at Cairo, aged sixty-four.

The Khedive of Egypt has had a private interview with General Sir H. Kitchener, the "Sirdar" or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army, and it is hoped that mutual explanations have removed all the unpleasant feelings excited by the Khedive's remark on the bad marching of one battalion of the native Soudanese troops. Lord Cromer is still ill in bed. Maher Pasha is appointed Governor of the Suez Canal district. The finances of Egypt seem to be most flourishing, as the final returns for 1893 show that the revenue was £10,579,000 and the expenditure £9,840,000, leaving a surplus of £739,000, of which, however, the greater part goes to various reserve funds, and only £123,000 remains at the free disposal of the Government. Of public debt £920,000 has been paid off during the year, and the total reserves now amount to £3,642,000. The surpluses of the past four years have amounted altogether to £3,239,000.

In the Brazilian Civil War more attention is now directed to the expected military conflict in the southern provinces, where Admiral de Mello has gone, than to the desultory fighting in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro; but on Friday, Feb. 9, the insurgents from the ships under Admiral da Gama made an attack on Nictheroy and failed. Admiral da Gama was wounded, four of his officers were killed, and the attack was repulsed with the loss of two hundred men.

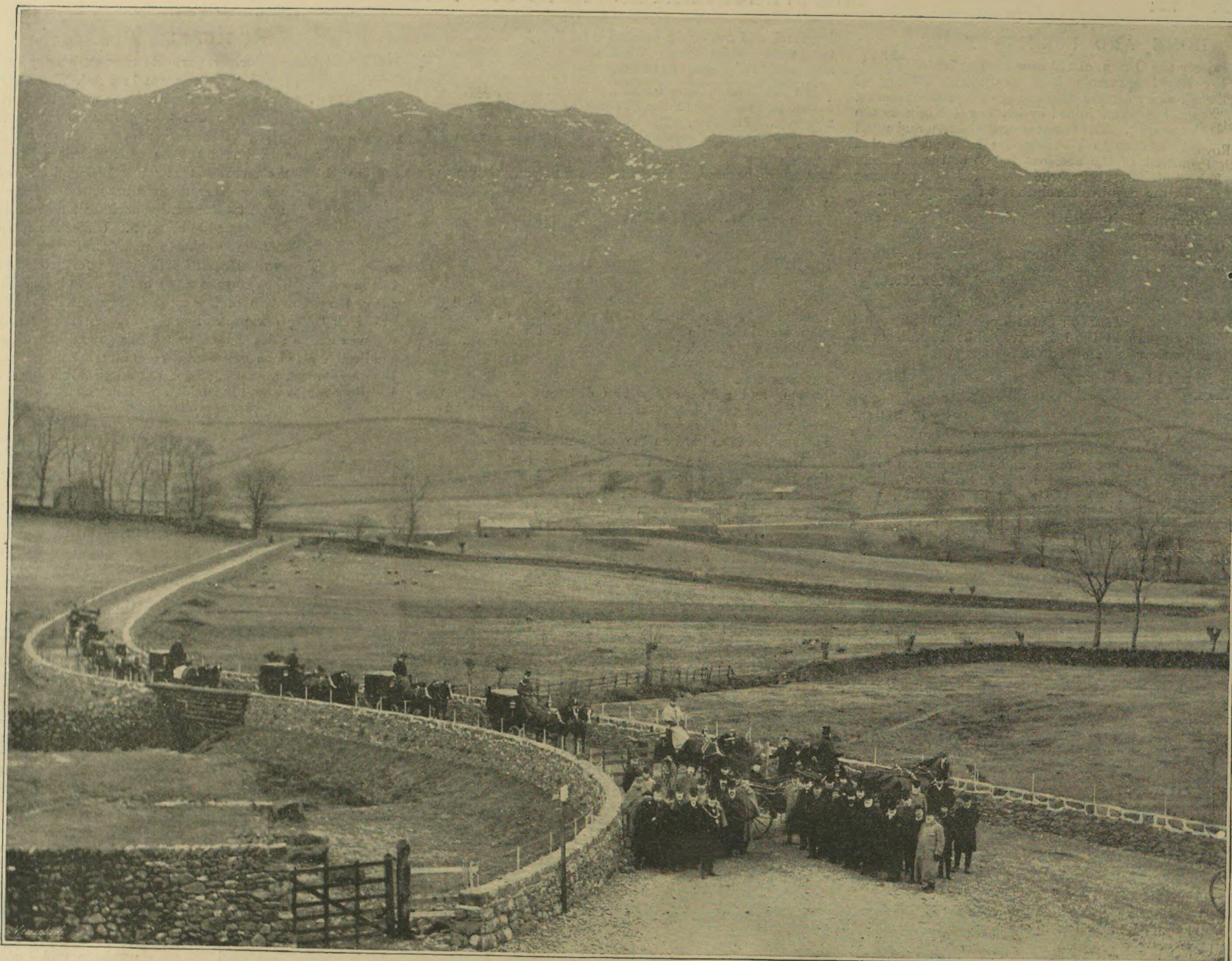
MUSIC.

The Royal Choral Society gave its now customary performance of Gounod's "Redemption" on Ash Wednesday before a fairly numerous auditory. The work has never found favour with pedants, but that proves no bar to its continued popularity with lovers of music which is intrinsically beautiful and replete with intense religious sentiment. Hence we argue that "The Redemption" will continue to live long after many works that are more orthodox in form and treatment, but lacking true inspiration, have been consigned to oblivion. Under Sir Joseph Barnby's painstaking guidance a generally excellent rendering of Gounod's sacred trilogy was forthcoming in this instance. The choruses could hardly have been better sung, the intonation of the more trying chromatic progressions being exceptionally accurate. In the first and second soprano solos Miss Anna Williams and Miss Jessie Hudleston acted as substitutes for other artists who had been announced to appear; both did admirably, and, even had they not, it would have been discourteous under such conditions to submit them to adverse criticism. Miss Marie Brema sang the contralto music splendidly, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Norman Salmond were beyond reproach as the Narrators, and Mr. Watkin Mills imparted due suavity and earnestness to the utterances of the Saviour. The band was first-rate.

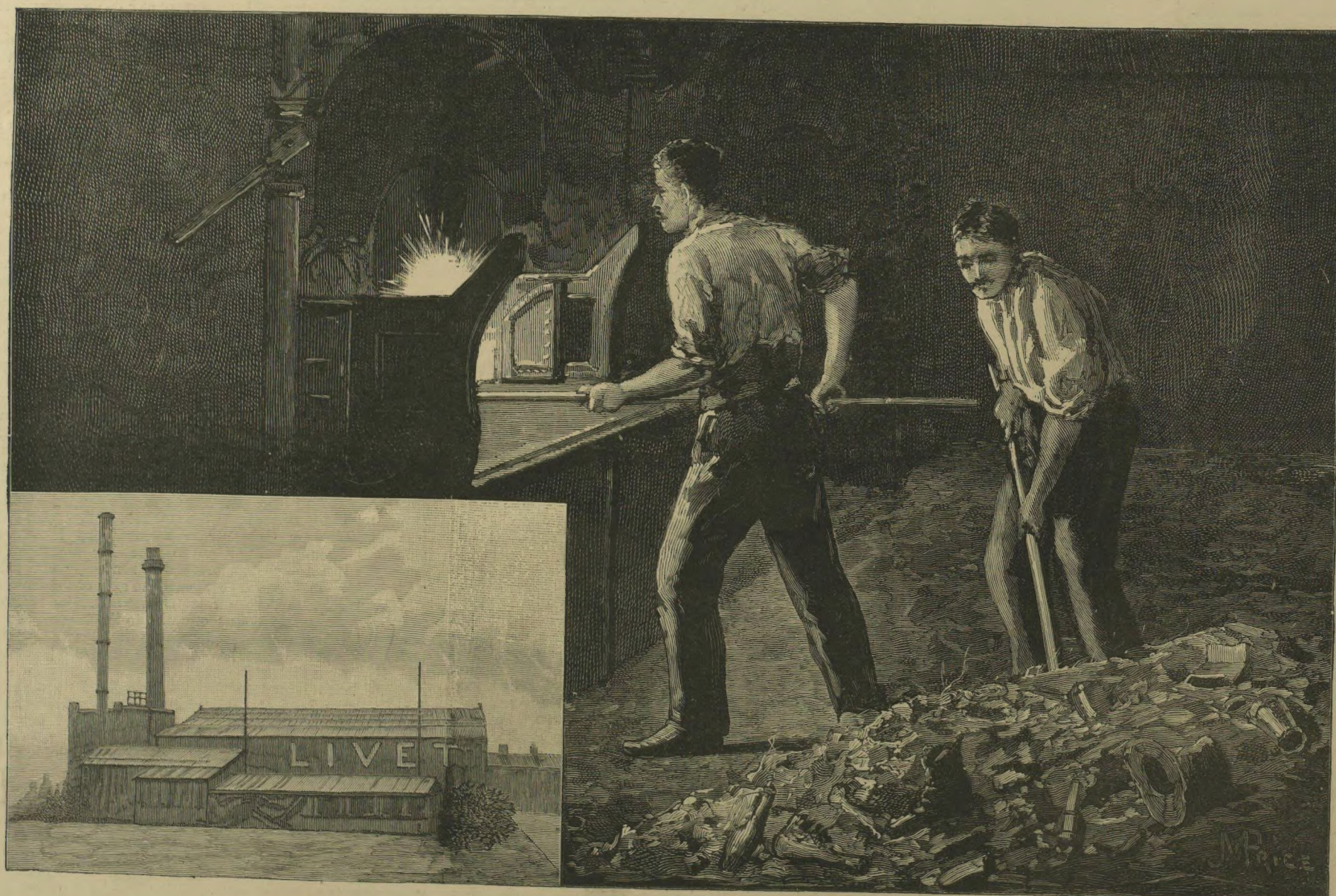
A "Wagner Night" in February is now an annual occurrence at the London Symphony Concerts, the object being to commemorate (as closely as possible to the actual date—the 13th) the anniversary of the Bayreuth master's death. This year the concert fell five days beforehand, but nevertheless its utility as an observance was emphasised by the assemblage of as many enthusiastic partisans and admirers as St. James's Hall was capable of accommodating, not to mention a good many more who were turned away for want of room. It was thereupon decided that an "overflow" concert should be held under Mr. Henschel's direction at Queen's Hall on April 11, by which date the current series of London Symphony Concerts will have come to a termination. The scheme on Feb. 8 included two excerpts from "Parsifal" (the prelude and the "Charfreitagszauber," the prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," and the "Walkürenritt," with the addition, of course, of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony—an inevitable and, perhaps, fitting concomitant. The performance of these works was in the highest degree excellent, and reflected immense credit upon Mr. Henschel and his band. The interpretation of the symphony was marked by the utmost spirit, refinement, and intelligence.

The Popular Concert on Saturday, Feb. 10, opened with Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74, and closed with the same composer's pianoforte trio in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3. In the first-named work, Dr. Joachim was supported in an excellent performance by Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Piatti; while Mlle. Eibenschütz and the veteran 'cellist were his associates in the trio, which also went capitally. For his solo the great violinist chose Schumann's Fantasia, Op. 131, written for and dedicated to Dr. Joachim in 1853. Dr. Joachim, as an encore, gave the same composer's "Garten-Melodie." Mlle. Eibenschütz brought forward five of the new Brahms pianoforte pieces for the second time, adding to the group an intermezzo in E flat minor (from Op. 118), which for intensity of expression and charm equals any other of the set. For an encore she repeated the Intermezzo in C major from the Op. 119. Miss Alice Esty was successful in Grieg's "Hoffnung" and Massenet's "Ballade Aragonaise." On the following Monday Dr. Joachim's unique and unapproachable rendering of Bach's "Chaconne" in D minor furnished the gem of the concert.

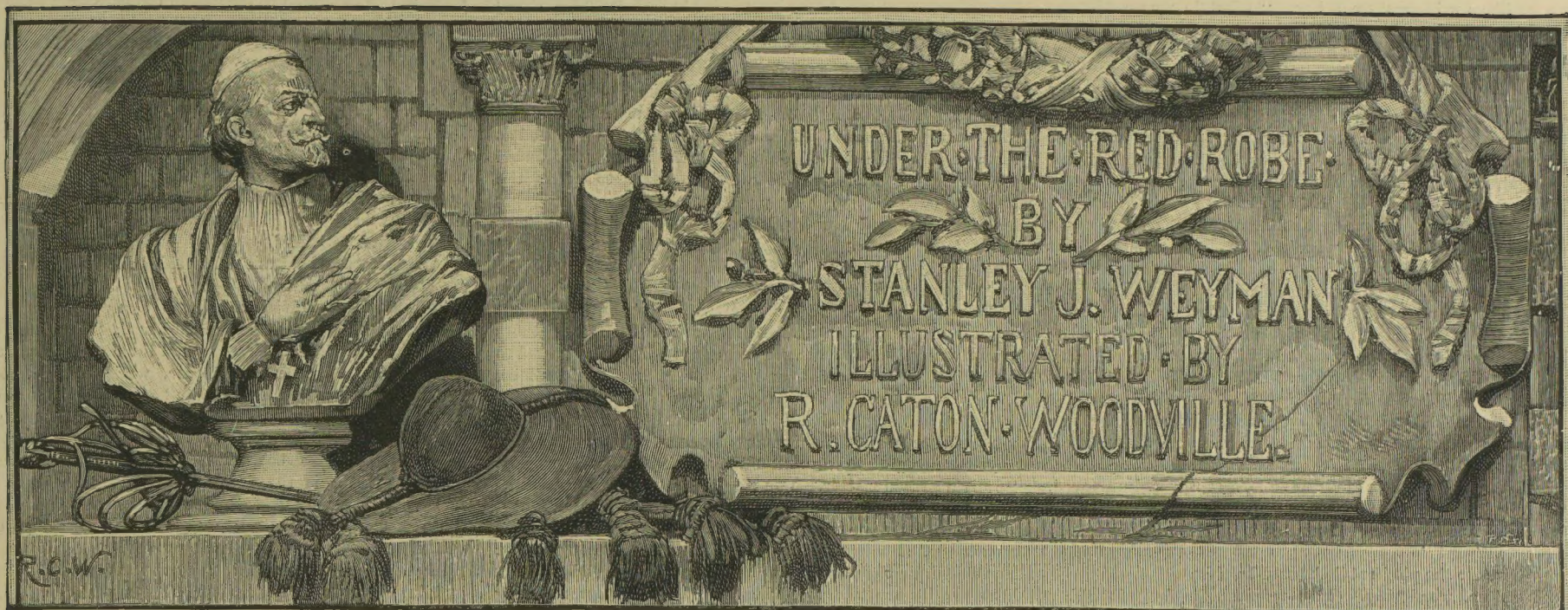
Mr. W. T. Best, the famous organist, has recently resigned his appointment as organist to the Corporation of Liverpool, and now retires into private life. For some years he has suffered from bad health, but in spite of this he has pluckily remained "in harness" until his physical energies were no longer equal to the strain imposed upon them. Mr. Best was born at Carlisle in 1826, and at the age of fourteen was made organist of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, then commencing in boyhood a connection with the Lancashire city which has lasted upwards of half a century. His performances upon the world-renowned organ of St. George's Hall (dating from 1855 to 1893) constitute a very remarkable record, and it is there that his greatness as an executant has ever been most conspicuously manifest. His technical mastery over his instrument was unsurpassed, while as a fugue-player he was, perhaps, without an equal. He has played an organ solo on Selection Day at the Handel Festival ever since the triennial gathering was started. Mr. Best is also widely known as a composer, some of his church music being in extensive use, while his editions of Handel and arrangements of all kinds of music for the organ are universally popular.



THE MANCHESTER WATERWORKS: OPENING OF THE NEW ROAD ROUND THIRLMERE.
From a Photograph by Mr. E. H. Baldry.



FROM THE DUST-BIN TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT: A SKETCH AT THE LIVET FACTORY, NEAR HALIFAX.



CHAPTER VII.

A MASTER STROKE.

I have a way with me which commonly commands respect; and when the landlord's first terror was over and he would serve me, I managed to get my supper—the first good meal I had had in two days—pretty comfortably in spite of the soldiers' presence. The crowd, too, which filled the room, soon began to melt. The men strayed off in groups to water their horses, or went to hunt up their quarters, until only two or three were left. Dusk had fallen outside; the noise in the street grew less. The firelight began to glow and flicker on the walls, and the wretched room to look as homely as it was in its nature to look. I was pondering for the twentieth time what step I should take next—under these new circumstances—and why the soldiers were here, and whether I should let the night pass before I moved, when the door, which had been turning on its hinges almost without pause for an hour, opened again, and a woman came in.

She paused a moment on the threshold looking round, and I saw that she had a shawl on her head and a milk-pitcher in her hand, and that her feet and ankles were bare. There was a great rent in her coarse stuff petticoat, and the hand which held the shawl together was brown and dirty. More I did not see: supposing her to be a neighbour stolen in now that the house was quiet to get some milk for her child or the like, I took no further heed of her. I turned to the fire again and plunged into my thoughts.

But to get to the hearth where the goodwife was fidgeting the woman had to pass in front of me; and as she passed I suppose she stole a look at me from under her shawl. For just when she came between me and the blaze she uttered a low cry and shrank aside—so quickly that she almost stepped on the hearth. The next moment she turned her back to me and was stooping whispering in the housewife's ear. A stranger might have thought that she had merely trodden on a hot ember.

But another idea, and a very strange one, came into my mind; and I stood up silently. The woman's back was towards me, but something in her height, her shape, the pose of her head, hidden as it was by her shawl, seemed familiar. I waited while she hung over the fire whispering, and while the goodwife slowly filled her pitcher out of the great black pot. But when she turned to go, I took a step forward so as to bar her way. And our eyes met.

I could not see her features; they were lost in the shadow of the hood. But I saw a shiver run through her from head to foot. And I knew then that I had made no mistake.

"That is too heavy for you, my girl," I said familiarly, as I might have spoken to a village wench. "I will carry it for you."

One of the men, who remained lolling at the table, laughed, and the other began to sing a low song. The woman trembled in rage or fear, but she kept silence and let me take the jug from her hands. And when I went to the door and opened it, she followed mechanically. An instant, and the door fell to behind us, shutting off the light and glow, and we two stood together in the growing dusk.

"It is late for you to be out, Mademoiselle," I said politely. "You might meet with some rudeness, dressed as you are. Permit me to see you home."

She shuddered, and I thought I heard her sob, but she did not answer. Instead, she turned and walked quickly through the village in the direction of the Château, keeping in the shadow of the houses. I carried the pitcher and walked beside her; and in the dark I smiled. I knew how shame and impotent rage were working in her. This was something like revenge!

Presently I spoke. "Well, Mademoiselle," I said. "Where are your grooms?"

She gave me one look, her eyes blazing with anger, her face like



One of the men, who remained lolling at the table, laughed, and the other began to sing a low song.

hate itself; and after that I said no more, but left her in peace, and contented myself with walking at her shoulder until we came to the end of the village, where the track to the great house plunged into the wood. There she stopped, and turned on me like a wild creature at bay. "What do you want?" she cried hoarsely, breathing as if she had been running.

"To see you safe to the house," I answered coolly.

"And if I will not?" she retorted.

"The choice does not lie with you, Mademoiselle," I answered sternly. "You will go to the house with me, and on the way you will give me an interview; but not here. Here we are not private enough. We may be interrupted at any moment, and I wish to speak to you at length."

I saw her shiver. "What if I will not?" she said again.

"I might call to the nearest soldiers and tell them who you are," I answered coolly. "I might, but I should not. That were a clumsy way of punishing you, and I know a better way. I should go to the captain, Mademoiselle, and tell him whose horse is locked up in the inn stable. A trooper told me—as someone had told him—that it belonged to one of his officers; but I looked through the crack, and I knew the horse again."

She could not repress a groan. I waited. Still she did not speak. "Shall I go to the captain?" I said ruthlessly.

She shook the hood back from her face, and looked at me. "Oh, you coward! you coward!" she hissed through her teeth. "If I had a knife!"

"But you have not, Mademoiselle," I answered unmoved. "Be good enough, therefore, to make up your mind which it is to be. Am I to go with my news to the captain, or am I to come with you?"

"Give me the pitcher!" she said harshly.

I did so, wondering. In a moment she flung it with a savage gesture far into the bushes. "Come!" she said. "If you will. But some day God will punish you!"

Without another word she turned and entered the path through the trees, and I followed her. I suppose every turn in its course, every hollow and broken place in it had been known to her from childhood, for she followed it swiftly and unerringly, barefoot as she was. I had to walk fast through the darkness to keep up with her. The wood was quiet but the frogs were beginning to croak in the pool, and their persistent chorus reminded me of the night when I had come to the house-door hurt and worn out, and Clon had admitted me, and she had stood under the gallery in the hall. Things had looked dark then. I had seen but a very little way ahead. Now all was plain. The commandant might be here with all his soldiers, but it was I who held the strings.

We came to the little wooden bridge and saw beyond the dark meadows the lights of the house. All the windows were bright. Doubtless the troopers were making merry. "Now, Mademoiselle," I said quietly. "I must trouble you to stop here, and give me your attention for a few minutes. Afterwards you may go your way."

"Speak!" she said defiantly. "And be quick! I cannot breathe the air where you are! It poisons me!"

"Ah!" I said slowly. "Do you think you make things better by such speeches as those?"

"Oh!" she cried—and I heard her teeth click together. "Would you have me fawn on you?"

"Perhaps not," I answered. "Still you make one mistake."

"What is it?" she panted.

"You forget that I am to be feared as well as—loathed!"

I answered grimly. "Ay, Mademoiselle, to be feared!" I continued. "Do you think that I do not know why you are here in this guise? Do you think that I do not know for whom that pitcher of broth was intended? Or who will now have to fast to-night? I tell you I know all these things. Your house is full of soldiers; your servants were watched and could not leave. You had to come yourself and get food for him!"

She clutched at the handrail of the bridge, and for an instant clung to it for support. Her face, from which the shawl had fallen, glimmered white in the shadow of the trees. At last I had shaken her pride. At last! "What is your price?" she murmured faintly.

"I am going to tell you," I replied, speaking so that every word might fall distinctly on her ears, and sating my eyes on her proud face. I had never dreamed of such revenge as this! "About a fortnight ago, M. de Cocheforêt left here at night with a little orange-coloured sashet in his possession."

She uttered a stifled cry, and drew herself stiffly erect.

"It contained—but there, Mademoiselle, you know its contents," I went on. "Whatever they were, M. de Cocheforêt lost it and them at starting. A week ago he came back—unfortunately for himself—to seek them."

She was looking full in my face now. She seemed scarcely to breathe in the intensity of her surprise and expectation. "You had a search made, Mademoiselle," I continued quietly. "Your servants left no place unexplored. The paths, the roads, the very woods were ransacked. But in vain, because all the while the orange sashet lay whole and unopened in my pocket."

"No!" she cried impetuously. "You lie, Sir! The sashet was found, torn open, many leagues from this place!"

"Where I threw it, Mademoiselle," I replied, "that I might mislead your rascals and be free to return. Oh! believe me," I continued, letting something of myself, something of my triumph, appear at last in my voice. "You have made a mistake! You would have done better had you trusted me. I am no bundle of sawdust, Mademoiselle, but a man: a man with an arm to shield and a brain to serve, and—as I am going to teach you—a heart also!"

She shivered.

"In the orange-coloured sashet that you lost I believe there were eighteen stones of great value?"

She made no answer, but she looked at me as if I fascinated her. Her very breath seemed to pause and wait on my words. She was so little conscious of anything else, of anything outside ourselves, that a score of men might have come up behind her unseen and unnoticed.

I took from my breast a little packet wrapped in soft leather, and I held it towards her. "Will you open this?" I said. "I believe it contains what you lost. That it contains all I will not answer, Mademoiselle, because I spilled the stones on the floor of my room and I may have failed to find some. But the others can be recovered—I know where they are."

She took the packet slowly and began to unroll it, her fingers shaking. A few turns and the mild lustre of the stones made a kind of moonlight in her hands—such a shimmering glory of imprisoned light as has ruined many a woman and robbed many a man of his honour. *Morbleu!* as I looked at them—and as she stood looking at them in dull, entranced perplexity—I wondered how I had come to resist the temptation.

While I gazed her hands began to waver. "I cannot count," she muttered helplessly. "How many are there?"

"In all, eighteen."

"There should be eighteen," she said.

She closed her hand on them with that, and opened it again, and did so twice, as if to reassure herself that the stones were real and that she was not dreaming. Then she turned to me with sudden fierceness, and I saw that her beautiful face, sharpened by the greed of possession, was grown as keen and vicious as before. "Well?" she muttered between her teeth. "Your price, man? Your price?"

"I am coming to it now, Mademoiselle," I said gravely. "It is a simple matter. You remember the afternoon when I followed you—clumsily and thoughtlessly perhaps—through the wood to restore these things? It seems about a month ago. I believe it happened the day before yesterday. You called me then some very harsh names, which I will not hurt you by repeating. The only price I ask for restoring your jewels is that you recall those names."

"How?" she muttered. "I do not understand."

I repeated my words very slowly. "The only price or reward I ask, Mademoiselle, is that you take back those names, and say that they were not deserved."

"And the jewels?" she exclaimed hoarsely.

"They are yours. They are nothing to me. Take them, and say that you do not think of me—Nay, I cannot say the words, Mademoiselle."

"But there is something—else! What else?" she cried, her head thrown back, her eyes, bright as any wild animal's, searching mine. "Ha! my brother? What of him? What of him, Sir?"

"For him, Mademoiselle—I would prefer that you should tell me no more than I know already," I answered in a low voice. "I do not wish to be in that affair. But yes, there is one thing I have not mentioned. You are right."

She sighed so deeply that I caught the sound.

"It is," I continued slowly, "that you will permit me to remain at Cocheforêt for a few days, while the soldiers are here. I am told that there are twenty men and two officers quartered in your house. Your brother is away. I ask to be permitted, Mademoiselle, to take his place for the time, and to be privileged to protect your sister and yourself from insult. That is all."

She raised her hand to her head. After a long pause: "The frogs!" she muttered, "they croak! I cannot hear."

And then, to my surprise, she turned suddenly on her heel, and walked over the bridge, leaving me there. For a moment I stood aghast, peering after her shadowy figure, and wondering what had taken her. Then, in a minute or less, she came quickly back to me, and I understood. She was crying.

"M. de Barthe," she said, in a trembling voice, which told me that the victory was won. "Is there nothing else? Have you no other penance for me?"

"None, Mademoiselle."

She had drawn the shawl over her head, and I no longer saw her face. "That is all you ask?" she murmured.

"That is all I ask—now," I answered.

"It is granted," she said slowly and firmly. "Forgive me if I seem to speak lightly—if I seem to make little of your generosity or my shame; but I can say no more now. I am so deep in trouble and so gnawed by terror that—I cannot feel anything much to-night, either shame or gratitude. I am in a dream; God grant it may pass as a dream! We are sunk in trouble. But for you and what you have done, M. de Barthe—I—" she paused and I heard her fighting with the sobs which choked her—"forgive me . . . I am overwrought. And my—my feet are cold," she added, suddenly and irrelevantly. "Will you take me home?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle," I cried remorsefully, "I have been a beast! You are barefoot, and I have kept you here."

"It is nothing," she said in a voice which thrilled me. "My heart is warm, Monsieur—thanks to you. It is many hours since it has been as warm."

She stepped out of the shadow as she spoke—and there, the thing was done. As I had planned, so it had come about. Once more I was crossing the meadow in the dark to be received at Cocheforêt a welcome guest. The frogs croaked in the pool and a bat swooped round us in circles; and surely never—never, I thought, with a kind of exultation in my breast—had man been placed in a stranger position.

Somewhere in the black wood behind us—probably in the outskirts of the village—lurked M. de Cocheforêt. In the great house before us, outlined by a score of lighted windows, were the soldiers come from Auch to take him. Between the two, moving side by side in the darkness, in a silence which each found to be eloquent, were Mademoiselle and I: she who knew so much, I who knew all—all but one little thing!

We reached the house, and I suggested that she should steal in first by the way she had come out, and that I should wait a little and knock at the door when she had had time to explain matters to Clon.

"They do not let me see Clon," she answered slowly.

"Then your woman must tell him," I rejoined. "Or he may do something and betray me."

"They will not let our woman come to us."

"What?" I cried, astonished. "But this is infamous. You are not prisoners!"

Mademoiselle laughed harshly. "Are we not? Well, I suppose not; for if we wanted company, Captain Larolle said he would be delighted to see us—in the parlour."

"He has taken your parlour?" I said.

"He and his lieutenant sit there. But I suppose we should be thankful," she added bitterly. "We have still our bed-rooms left to us."

"Very well," I said. "Then I must deal with Clon as I can. But I have still a favour to ask, Mademoiselle. It is only that you and your sister will descend to-morrow at your usual time. I shall be in the parlour."

"I would rather not," she said, pausing and speaking in a troubled voice.

"Are you afraid?"

"No, Monsieur; I am not afraid," she answered proudly. "But—"

"You will come?" I said.

She sighed before she spoke. At length, "Yes, I will come—if you wish it," she answered; and the next moment she was gone round the corner of the house, while I laughed to think of the excellent watch these gallant gentlemen were keeping. M. de Cocheforêt might have been with her in the garden, might have talked with her as I had talked, might have entered the house even, and passed under their noses scot-free. But that is the way of soldiers. They are always ready for the enemy, with drums beating and flags flying—at ten o'clock in the morning. But he does not always come at that hour.

I waited a little, and then I groped my way to the door, and knocked on it with the hilt of my sword. The dogs began to bark at the back, and the chorus of a drinking-song, which came fitfully from the east wing, ceased altogether. An inner door opened, and an angry voice, apparently an officer's, began to rate someone for not coming. Another moment, and a clamour of voices and footsteps seemed to pour into the hall, and fill it. I heard the bar jerked away, the door was flung open, and in a twinkling a lantern, behind which a dozen flushed visages were dimly seen, was thrust into my face.

"Why, who the fiend is this?" cried one, glaring at me in astonishment.

"*Morbleu!* It is the man!" another shrieked. "Seize him!"

In a moment half a dozen hands were laid on my shoulders, but I only bowed politely. "The officer, my friends," I said, "M. le Capitaine Larolle. Where is he?"

"*Diable!* but who are you, first?" the lantern-bearer retorted bluntly. He was a tall, lanky sergeant, with a sinister face.

"Well, I am not M. de Cocheforêt," I replied; "and that must satisfy you, my man. For the rest, if you do not fetch Captain Larolle at once and admit me, you will find the consequences inconvenient."

"Ho! ho!" he said with a sneer. "You can crow, it seems. Well, come in."

They made way, and I walked into the hall, keeping my hat on. On the great hearth a fire had been kindled, but it had gone out. Three or four carbines stood against one wall, and beside them lay a heap of haversacks and some straw. A shattered stool, broken in a frolic, and half a dozen empty wine-skins strewed the floor, and helped to give the place an air of untidiness and disorder. I looked round with eyes of disgust, and my gorge rose. They had spilled oil, and the place reeked foully.

"*Ventre bleu!*" I said. "Is this conduct in a gentleman's house, you rascals? *Ma vie!* If I had you, I would send half of you to the wooden horse!"

They gazed at me open-mouthed. My arrogance startled them. The sergeant alone scowled. When he could find his voice for rage—

"This way!" he said. "We did not know a general officer was coming, or we would have been better prepared!" And muttering oaths under his breath, he led me down the well-known passage. At the door of the parlour he stopped. "Introduce yourself!" he said rudely. "And if you find the air warm, don't blame me!"

I raised the latch and went in. At a table in front of the hearth, half covered with glasses and bottles, sat two men playing hazard. The dice rang sharply as I entered, and he who had just thrown kept the box over them while he turned, scowling, to see who came in. He was a fair-haired, blonde man, large-framed and florid. He had put off his cuirass and boots, and his doublet showed frayed and stained where the armour had pressed on it. But otherwise he was in the extreme of last year's fashion. His deep cravat, folded over so that the laced ends drooped a little in front, was of the finest; his great sash of blue and silver was a foot wide. He had a little jewel in one ear, and his tiny beard was peaked à l'Espagnole. Probably when he turned he expected to see the sergeant, for at sight of me he rose slowly, leaving the dice still covered.

"What folly is this?" he cried wrathfully. "Here, Sergeant!—without there! What the—! Who are you, Sir?"

"Captain Larolle," I said, uncovering politely, "I believe?"

"Yes, I am Captain Larolle," he retorted. "But who, in the fiend's name, are you? You are not the man we are after!"

"I am not M. Cocheforêt," I said coolly. "I am merely a guest in the house, M. le Capitaine. I have been enjoying Madame de Cocheforêt's hospitality for some time but by an evil chance I was away when you arrived." And with that I walked to the hearth, and, gently pushing aside his great boots which stood there drying, kicked the logs into a blaze.

"*Mille diables!*" he whispered. And never did I see a man more confounded. But I affected to be taken up with

his companion, a sturdy, white-mustachioed old veteran, who sat back in his chair eyeing me, with swollen cheeks and eyes overcharged with surprise.

"Good evening, M. le Lieutenant," I said, bowing gravely. "It is a fine night."

Then the storm burst.

"Fine night!" the captain shrieked, finding his voice again. "*Mille diables!* Are you aware, Sir, that I am in possession of this house, and that no one harbours here without my permission? Guest! Hospitality! Lieutenant—call the guard! Call the guard!" he continued passionately. "Where is that ape of a sergeant?"

The lieutenant rose to obey, but I lifted my hand.

"Gently, gently, captain," I said. "Not so fast! You seem surprised to see me here. Believe me, I am much more surprised to see you." "*Sacré!*" he cried, recoiling at this fresh impertinence, while the lieutenant's eyes almost jumped out of his head.

But nothing moved me.

"Is the door closed?" I said sweetly. "Thank you; it is, I see. Then permit me to say again, gentlemen, that I am much more surprised to see you than you can be to see me. When Monseigneur the Cardinal honoured me by sending me from Paris to conduct this matter, he gave me the fullest—the fullest powers, M. le Capitaine—to see the affair to an end. I was not led to expect that my plans would be spoiled on the eve of success by the intrusion of half the garrison from Auch!"

"O ho!" the captain said softly—in a very different tone and with a very different face. "So you are the gentleman I heard of at Auch?"

"Very likely," I said drily. "But I am from Paris, not Auch."

"To be sure," he answered thoughtfully. "Eh, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, M. le Capitaine, no doubt," the inferior replied. And they both looked at one another, and then at me, in a way I did not understand.

"I think," said I, to clinch the matter, "that you have made a mistake, Captain; or the Commandant has. And it occurs to me that the Cardinal will not be best pleased."

"I hold the King's commission," he answered rather stiffly.

"To be sure," I replied. "But you see the Cardinal——" "Ah, but the Cardinal——" he rejoined quickly; and then he stopped and shrugged his shoulders. And they both looked at me.

"Well?" I said.

"The King," he answered slowly.

"Tut-tut!" I exclaimed, spreading out my hands. "The Cardinal. Let us stick to him. You were saying?"

"Well, the Cardinal, you see——" And then again, after the same words, he stopped—stopped abruptly and shrugged his shoulders.

I began to suspect something. "If you have anything to say against Monseigneur," I answered, watching him narrowly, "say it. But take a word of advice. Don't let it go beyond the door of this room, my friend, and it will do you no harm."

"Neither here nor outside," he retorted, looking for a

moment at his comrade. "Only I hold the King's commission. That is all. And I think enough. For the rest, will you throw a main? Good! Lieutenant, find a glass, and the gentleman a seat. And here, for my part, I will give you a toast. The Cardinal—whatever betide!"

I drank it, and sat down to play with him; I had not heard the music of the dice for a month, and the temptation was irresistible. But I was not satisfied. I called the mains and won his crowns—he was a mere baby at the game—but half my mind was elsewhere. There was something here I did not understand; some influence at work on which I had not counted; something moving under the surface as unintelligible to me as the soldiers' presence. Had the captain repudiated my

FRANCO-AMERICAN.

Made in France. By H. C. Bunner. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—Mr. Bunner frankly follows a distinguished master. Franco is the cradle of the short story, and of all her sons who in this method have achieved masterpieces, the finest artist was surely De Maupassant. Mr. Bunner sits at his feet openly, and hails him the best story-writer since Boccaccio. He is wise who follows the finest models, and these witty short stories in deftness, in gaiety, in variety, are no shame to their great examples. From the editor of *Puck* one expects a certain wit, but it might well fail of the joyousness and touch of delicacy that turns it to that elusive quality, *esprit*. Mr. Bunner is the possessor of a very exquisite gift of poetry as well as being a professional

humorist. His "Way to Arcady" delights many folk who would have no palate for *Puckiana*. The poetic quality transmutes many of these sketches. It is in such a pretty thing as "The Minuet," and it touches with a half-pathos the gaiety of "Tony" and "The Prize of Propriety." These might have been signed by De Maupassant, though it would be De Maupassant in his lightest and least vital moods. "Denis" and "A Capture" are also in the master's vein, and have the atmosphere of the country town and the peasant's cottage, in which he was so much at home. De Maupassant's occasional poignancy, his more than occasional largeness of motive, Mr. Bunner never attempts. He is content to be witty and dexterous, with now and then a shadow of pensiveness. Of course his performance is unequal. "The Pettibone Brolly" is distinctly modern American; so is "Father Dominick's Convert." De Maupassant might have owned the grasping peasant of the latter; he could not have owned the priest, with his broad touches of caricature. But, on the whole, "Made in France" is worthy of its French parentage. The text is profusely illustrated with tiny sketches, in which the artist does not always seem to have caught the writer's meaning. He is fairly good when it is a question of broad farce. When there is something better than farce underlying the words he has not at all apprehended its presence. This is noticeable in "The Prize of Propriety."

The Royal Commission of Inquiry upon the scheme of establishing a Teaching University of London has issued

its report. It recommends that the University shall include University College, London, and King's College, London, the Royal College of Science, the Medical Schools of Guy's, St. Thomas's, Bartholomew, Charing Cross, and Middlesex Hospitals, St. George's and St. Mary's, and the Westminster and the London Hospital, the London School of Medicine for Women, the City and Guilds Institute of Technical Education, Bedford College for Women, six Nonconformist Theological Colleges, the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, the Guildhall School of Music, and Trinity College (of Music), and, with certain reservations, the Inns of Court and the Incorporated Law Society. The Senate, of sixty-five members, is to be elected for four years, the Chancellor for life, and the Vice-Chancellor annually. Convocation will consist of graduates of three years' standing. The Queen is to be visitor of the University. Examinations are to be held, and degrees granted, after a three-years course of study.



"You seem surprised to see me here. Believe me, I am much more surprised to see you."

commission altogether, and put me to the door or sent me to the guard-house, I could have followed that. But these dubious hints, this passive resistance, puzzled me. Had they news from Paris, I wondered? Was the King dead? Or the Cardinal ill? I asked them. But they said no, no, no to all, and gave me guarded answers. And midnight found us still playing; and still fencing.

(To be continued.)

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LITERATURE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SENTIMENT.

The Lovers' Lexicon. By Frederick Greenwood. (London: Macmillan and Co.)—Mr. Greenwood describes this volume as "A Handbook for Novelists, Playwrights, Philosophers, and Minor Poets; but Especially for the Enamoured." I question whether handbooks to the art of love are in great favour with any of these practitioners. Certainly the lover and the minor poet will regard Mr. Greenwood's proclamation as part of the slyness of that genial humorist; while the novelist and the playwright will own with a sigh that they have turned the tender passion to professional account on Mr. Greenwood's lines for all it is worth. As for the philosopher, he may have some misgiving whether the handbook is a very safe guide to a region which is liable, especially of late, to sudden and alarming upheavals. Suppose Mr. Murray were to announce in one of his useful manuals of travel that a certain country known to be volcanic had settled down to a good sober sort of table-land, in which everything was regular and uniform, and nobody ran the smallest risk of being abruptly swallowed up by a yawning chasm. And suppose the unsuspecting traveller, with this handbook in his portmanteau, went for a holiday excursion in this reformed land, and woke in the night to find everything tumbling about his ears, volcanic eruptions in full blast, and mountains starting up on all sides with horrid precipices from the docile, steady-going plain, which had permitted itself no frivolity except occasional hillocks and gradual uplands. If the traveller were to clutch his handbook in this quandary I fear he would derive scant comfort from its pages. That is just the apprehension the cautious man may feel in reading Mr. Greenwood's seductive lexicon, despite its unfailing charm of style and grace of fancy, and many passages of kindly wisdom. For example, if the student be a bachelor, and turn to Mr. Greenwood for some guidance in the doubts which will arise in these days, when the standard of feminine independence is perilously near the citadel of masculine privilege, he will naturally consult the oracle under the heading of "Obedience." What is the prospect that a wife of these revolutionary times will obey her lord? Sooth to say, the oracle is ambiguous. He remarks that true obedience has never been understood. "Dulness to the meaning of obedience thickens; intelligence is a great thing, but it is no foe to the satanic spirit in human nature, and by this spirit obedience is so distorted and confounded with what it is not that it falls every day into deeper disgrace." This is decidedly discouraging to the bachelor, for it reminds him very plainly of that unfortunate affair in the Garden of Eden; though, on the other hand, he may not have observed anything particularly satanic in the self-assertion of this or that class, especially as the imputation of diabolical agency seems to imply that divine authority is residential in some other class. But his mind is disturbed, and it is scarcely relieved by Mr. Greenwood's citation of Jeremy Taylor as a witness that woman's obedience in marriage is really a kind of equality. The bachelor cannot fancy himself quoting this to a lady with any substantial success. Nor is he stimulated by the counsel of the lexicon on "Marriage." Mr. Greenwood, with good reason, says that man and wife are happiest when they are "chums." "Chumminess (delightful word, and quite legitimate) chumminess may be unattainable by persons marrying late, but not by frank and joyous youth." Now the bachelor, who is usually mature when he ponders these things, cannot get much consolation out of that. His "frank and joyous youth" is gone, and when he had it, there was very little thought of "chumminess" in his fancies about the fair. Either he lorded over the girls in a sort of platonic seraglio, or he sighed at their feet (many feet) as if they were divinities. You cannot be "chummy" either with a butterfly or a deity.

Sometimes the oracle is very dark indeed, and I confess my sheer incapacity to understand Mr. Greenwood's reasons for thinking that coquettes are dying out. "Coquetry is in its very essence a womanly pursuit, and womanly pursuits of every sort are losing vogue. Added to this, the male sex has become so numerous of late, and takes such advantage of its numbers, that coquettes have but poor sport nowadays." It appears that Mr. Greenwood regards the coquette with a leniency which, in a combatant against the satanic spirit, is surprising. He throws over the old definition of heartless coquetry in a most insurrectionary manner, and treats it with relish as the sportsmanlike instinct in woman, which is unhappily decaying because man, by his numbers, can now afford to be the pursued and not the pursuer, or, at all events, to remain indifferent to the chase which once drew him into the hot excitement of the wiles. I was always under the impression that a coquette was made by the multiplicity of her admirers, so that numbers told in her favour, and not against her; and I have not noticed any decline in the capacity of a pretty woman for knocking infatuated heads together in their common eagerness of devotion. Blanche Amory has not been converted into a palpitating innocent by the depression of the marriage market. However, the lexicon says many wise things, and none wiser than the distinction between "fascination" and "charm," though Mr. Greenwood is almost cruel in the irony which suggests a Chair of Charm at Giron and Newnham.—L. F. AUSTIN.

A TEMPERATE MUSE.

Poems. By Richard Garnett. (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)—Dr. Garnett's poems seem a little out of place among the limited editions. They are the scholarly, refined, thoughtful poems of an elder day, written greatly for the writer's pleasure, scarcely at all with an eye to the popular applause. Such a book could only come from an untiring student of poetry, one who, without the distinct lyrical impulse that forces the poetry of the poet born, not made, has yet caught something of the multifarious exquisiteness which has given him pleasure. Dr. Garnett is a devout lover of the classics: Sappho, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Meleager, have delighted him with

their honeyed phrases. The classical education and appreciation is in every page of these entirely worthy and mellow poems. Nor is he insensible to the modern muse. One catches a note of Browning in the unusual passionateness of such a poem as "The Eve of the Guillotine"; and some of the lyrical poems have a suggestive simplicity entirely modern. The ancients had a simplicity of their own, cold and clear as a cameo; but the vague suggestiveness that sighs at one's ear something wistful and melancholy is of later date. Burns, the most artless of great artists, had it perfectly; Heine had it more deliberately. Dr. Garnett has caught it in his "Violets"—

Cold blows the wind against the hill,
And cold upon the plain;
I sit me by the bank until
The violets come again.

Dr. Garnett's book has the defects of its qualities. It has not the rush and joyousness of youth, as it has not youth's immaturity. Between these pleasant pages one need look for no folded bud of promise. It has the mellow air of evening and the calm of the autumn, instead of the freshness and uncertain weather of the morning and the spring. Dr. Garnett's contemporaries will read it with most satisfaction, for it will not stir the hot pulse of youth. Yet may lyrical youth profit by its ripeness and its sweetness of air. It is not the privilege of maturity to have these things; for one may have lost youth and preserved crudity. Dr. Garnett is, perhaps, best of all in his sonnets, of which this is a noble and beautiful example—

I will not rail nor grieve when torpid old
Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see
The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
The nimble brooks in icy fetters held.
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
The fitful ravage of December wild
Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,
Seeing the common doom that all compelled.
No kindred we to her beloved broods,
If, dying these, we draw a selfish breath;
But one path travel all her multitudes,
And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:
"Sun to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;
Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!"
KATHARINE TYNAN.

IRISH LEGENDARY LORE.

The Celtic Twilight: Men and Women, Dhoulas and Ghosts. By W. B. Yeats. With a Frontispiece by J. B. Yeats. (London: Lawrence and Bullen.)—Mr. Yeats, an Irish poet to whom England has no equal of the same generation, gives us in this book of prose the ground, as it were, or substance of his poetry, and shows us its circumstantial origins. If any reader of the "Wanderings of Oisín" and the "Countess Kathleen" find himself perplexed and baffled by their Celtic strangeness of beauty, by their Celtic romance and Celtic wisdom, set to Celtic subtleties of melody, here he will discover something of their secret. "Experience," says Novalis, "is magical, and magically alone to be explained." Mr. Yeats, in some twenty brief pieces, half story and half reflection, writes a chapter of his spiritual life; and, so doing, he has cast a light upon the secret soul of Ireland and of Irish poetry and of Irish faith. To quote "Hudibras," he is—

A deep, occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are;

for, as Butler himself observes: "No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philosophy than the wild Irish, as appears by the whole practice of their lives—of which see Camden, in his description of Ireland." A necessary believer in things spiritual, an ardent disciple of the mystical sacred darkness, celebrated by Indian sages and by Spanish saints, Mr. Yeats is here busy with the old and living faiths—those faery faiths of the Irish people; with the ways in which they give form and feature to the invisible; with the philosophy of life, or rather of the eternal universe, which is fed by such faiths and in such ways; with the essential nature of the Irish Celt—its wistfulness, its extravagance, its endurance, and its strength. The scene and story may be humorous or pitiful, terrible or bright, grotesques or delicacies of imagination: now the faery host riding the enchanted night, and now a fantastic ghost or quaintest vision. Still, in each case there is the one fascination of the one truth, that in these and all like things we have the abiding facts which make life intelligible to the Celts, and them to other races. Most of us content ourselves with denying such fanciful "facts"; but whether we believe in them or no is of little moment to us: we do not look at life in this vague and visionary way. But Mr. Yeats adds to his artistic love of all imagination and to his native sympathy with the Irish imagination a spiritual and intellectual reverence for every form of mysticism, be it that which sets faery and folk tales going, or that which is the prize and pride of Eastern contemplation. He has not condescended to his Paddy Flynns and Biddy Harts; his "knights of the sheep" and sea captains; to his whole miscellany of Irish folk, with their legends, their experiences, their instinctive poetry and whimsical wit, their laughing and their weeping, near neighbours ever. Rather, he knows the lesson of all the mystics — by East and West, before Christ and after—that wisdom is within, and not without, as perfect here as there. In the beautiful simplicity of his careful language, never commonplace and never strained, there is a natural courtesy towards the village wisdom and the ancient lore of his people; and towards all true dreamers, wanderers through the worlds, men a little lonely and unlike the mass of men, he shows a natural leaning. Let us be noisy over novelties, we who want so much; or erudite and eloquent, we who know so much; but "the feel of the spade in the hand is no different for all our talk." Still the cabins continue, the peasant poetry and the peasant wisdom, uncivilised, unconventional, and dear to nature. Page after page Mr. Yeats dwells upon the value past reckoning of some clothing for the soul, woven by faith and imagination; some living dream, one leaf from "the Imperishable Rose of Beauty"; some vision to enliven, to interpret, and to consecrate the world. It may be that not all his readers will "taste" the fine quality of this book. It is not a straightforward story-book, they will say, nor is it a collection of folk-lore, nor yet a sheaf of essays, but something of all three. Well,

the book is meditative and poetical: it takes a character, a place, a legend, an incident, and plays pensively with them, broods placidly upon them, or laughs wisely over them, but always sets them in some happy light, of which all the stars and all the heavens make part. From the frontispiece to the concluding poem the book is full of a curious tenderness and gentleness of beautiful humour, dreaming and divining and illuminating. It is the work of one whose art cares only to catch a beauty from "the land that is very far off," remembering, the while, that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." In modern Irish literature there are not ten books of a more valuable beauty than this.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

"DE MORIBUS GERMANORUM."

Germany and the Germans. By William Harbutt Dawson, author of "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle," "Prince Bismarck and State Socialism," &c. In two vols. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1894.)—Mr. Dawson is the latest of the numerous band of writers who have followed in the German footsteps of Tacitus, and, on the whole, he is a distinct improvement on some of his predecessors. For one thing, his work aims at being more comprehensive than anything of the kind that has hitherto been offered us; in fact, it is an up-to-date synopsis of most of the national facets of a people who are growing more and more interesting to their Anglo-Saxon cousins. Time was when no one among us cared a rap about the manners and motives of the Germans, when they formed, in fact, the Cinderella of the European sisterhood. That, however, was the time when they were disunited and weak, without a literature and without leaders. But Goethe and Schiller, Stein, Bismarck, Roon, Moltke, King Wilham, and others changed all that; and now it is not too much to say that, with the most interesting ruler in Europe at their head, they have become the most engrossing, as they certainly are in many respects the most important, nation on the Continent. The destinies of Europe—social, moral, intellectual, and political—may now be said to lie in the hands of regenerated Germany, even more than in those of France. "*Sine Germaniâ nulla salus*" was a cry which, several years ago, reverberated through England; and it is quite certain, at least, that we have more to expect from an alliance, were it but of the moral and unwritten kind, with our Teuton cousins than with their and our hereditary foes, the Gauls, whose cupidities clash with our interests on every side. All the more necessary, therefore, that Englishmen should purge their minds of any prejudices which they may have hitherto cherished with regard to their German kinsmen; and in order to free their minds of misconception on a subject which concerns them so closely, they cannot do better than sit down to the perusal of Mr. Dawson's eminently fair and conscientious volumes.

Mr. Dawson is not one of those young writers who aim at sacrificing truth to literary effect, nor does he seek to satirise where it is possible for him to soothe. Undoubtedly our Teuton cousins have many characteristics which tempt their commentators to be severe; and several of the books which have been written about them, from Sir Hanbury Williams down to Mr. Vizetelly and the author of "German Home Life," are anything but kindly and appreciative in their tone. Yet Mr. Dawson, being in honest sympathy with the people among whom he has spent several years, has managed to avoid the Scylla of ill-natured satire on one hand and the Charybdis of indiscriminating eulogy on the other. "As the writer of this book," he says, "I desire to be regarded as the chronicler of my own impressions and conclusions; for the book is in nowise a history, but a study of men and institutions, and one throughout written from life"—like the charming "Russia," I may add, of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, who has evidently served in some respects as Mr. Dawson's exemplar. "My own standpoint," he continues, "is that of the sincere yet candid well-wisher, of the unprejudiced observer, who, even when he is unable to bow down to idols or to mumble shibboleths, would speak his mind in soberness and charity. There is much in the German character to admire, much in Germany's life and institutions from and by which we may learn." Indeed there is; and that is why Englishmen should now atone for their previous indifference to Germany by making themselves better acquainted with the character, customs, and institutions of her people, which they will find all set forth in Mr. Dawson's lucid pages.

Lucid enough, but not altogether well proportioned; for while Mr. Dawson tells us—and his true statement will surprise all those among us who accept the theory that militarism is the curse of Germany and the cradle of her Socialist woes—while Mr. Dawson, I say, tells us that "the institution which, next to the throne, is most popular in Germany is the army," he only devotes a brief score of hasty pages to this paramount of all other German subjects, while consecrating eight times as much space to "Politics and Parties," though candidly admitting that "English people ordinarily take but a superficial interest in German politics." Certainly this indifference cannot be said to extend to the imperial army, on which the Germans have expended an amount of brain power that might have produced a thousand literatures. As being the most perfect institution of the kind which the world has ever seen, certainly the army might have called for more attention at the hands of an expositor of Teutonic thoughts and things. The pen is the sword in Germany, and made the nation, and that is why the only literature worth speaking of in the Germany of to-day is the literature which has been written with needle-guns and bayonets. That is, perhaps, the reason why Mr. Dawson has not a single word to say about German writers. The only "poets" he has to speak about, in the etymological sense of the word, are the "makers" of modern Germany—Bismarck, Moltke, and the first two Emperors; though here again his sense of just proportion has not been altogether true to him, and we are further reminded that a faculty for historical criticism does not necessarily go hand in hand with those powers of exposition and narration which make Mr. Dawson's book, on the whole, one of the best existing works of reference on Imperial Germany.

CHARLES LOWE.

THE NEW OPERA FROM ITALY.

This is no mere titular inversion, despite the fact that but a short time back Mr. Fuller Maitland gave us in the *Nineteenth Century* a paper which he called "Falstaff and the New Italian Opera." There are many who refer to the recent operatic impetus in Italy as the new Italian opera, but the inversion is theirs, not mine. For while it is beyond a doubt that these operas come from Italy, it has yet to be proved that they are Italian. Mr. Maitland is, generally speaking, a fairly accurate if not a sympathetic critic, and although he has little that is new to say concerning the "Falstaff" of Giuseppe Verdi, that which he does say is at least inoffensive. But in taking up the cudgels against what he terms "the new Italian opera" he gets beyond this stage, while even on matters of operatic history, in which he should be well posted, he flounders most lamentably. Here is something that he says (he has been speaking of the reforms of Gluck and Wagner): "It will be noticed that in neither of these great reforms did Italy play the part of an originator; nor were any of the finer developments of opera due to Italian composers. Germany produced the romantic opera, which culminated in Wagner; France saw the rise of grand opera and opéra-comique, and thus the three forms that have been most pregnant of influence have owed no debt to the country to which opera belongs by right of priority."

Owed no debt, forsooth? To whom does France owe "La Serva Padrona" if not to an Italian? To what does the opéra-comique of to-day owe its essential existence if not to "La Serva Padrona"? Whence came the influence which so affected Grétry, Monsigny, and the rest of them, if not from the old *capolavoro* of Pergolesi?

So does Mr. Maitland deny the Italians their due in the past, while in the very title of his article he seeks to bestow upon them what is not wholly theirs in the present. Far be it from me to say that "La Cavalleria Rusticana" is not Italian in its dramatic atmosphere. It is more than national—it is national and local. The incident of Verga's story is Southern before all else. As well expect to find a Presbyterian Synod in Calabria as seek the essential qualities of this drama in modern Lombardy. But the critic deals not with the work of Mascagni alone. By the "new Italian opera" he would include with it the "Pagliacci" of Ruggero Leoncavallo, the "Asrael" of Alberto Franchetti (whom he terms the Meyerbeer of the new movement), "Le Villi" and "Manon Lescaut" of Giacomo Puccini.

No one of these works, I say, is purely Italian. It is as easy to trace in the "Asrael" of Franchetti a permeating Teutonic influence as it is to deduce from the score of "I Pagliacci" the fact that its author has not only been resident in Paris for some years, but has come under the spell of that French magician in music, Jules Massenet. These things stare one in the face; yet the writer of the article in question has allowed them to escape him. Let any sympathetic and capable musician (not merely an instrumentalist) examine the score of "Cavalleria Rusticana" attentively. Let him then hear it; say, half-a-dozen times; he will then have taken in all that he ever will take in. And what does he find? That the poor boy who wrote it (he was nothing more) was simply weighed down by wealth of idea. The melodic inspiration is unquestionably lovely, but he knows not what to do with it all. His harmonic resource is oftentimes quite puerile. It is a mass of echo: now Wagner, now Bizet, now Massenet, now, indeed often, Gounod. The finesse of the modern French harmonists has caught his ear. At the same time his own individuality is fighting against that fearful artificiality which so prominently characterises much of this French work. He feels, much as he loves the pure sound of it, that his stuff is too strong for this sensitive harmonic structure. He has the dramatic instinct, the true instinct, deep down in his soul, and passion unrestrained is to him as yet the pinnacle of bliss. And Mr. Maitland hurls it at him in this wise: "The melodies, or rather 'snatches of melody,' are not particularly refined, nor is there anything in their treatment which commands the attention of musicians; and even in the short space of its one act the careful observer [the italics are my own] could detect the presence of a mannerism which threatened to become most irritating were it persisted in. It is difficult to explain in words what this mannerism is, but a comparison with a certain school now dead may

help to make it clear. In the melodies of Bellini and Donizetti, the third, or 'mediant,' of the key is insisted on with a pertinacity that soon produces a sense of cloying sweetness; two admired airs in 'Lucia,' for instance, reiterate this note almost to absurdity. The corresponding trick in Mascagni's work is the sudden utterance of a high note accompanied by an unexpected and not always admissible change of harmony, a change which invariably places the high note in the position of the tonic of a new key and the starting point of a descending passage."

To an Academy student this would be no doubt extremely interesting. But surely the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* who are at the same time Academy students are few and far between. As criticism it is specious where it would be subtle. Above all, is it academic, rudimentary. Mascagni is not academic. The powers forbid that he ever should be so! This curse has been spared to him. Rather would we have him wallow in harmonic ignorance, if we must choose between these two extremes. Happily, even though he be not yet fully equipped, his study has already been sufficient both in quantity and quality to place him beyond the necessity of such rudimentary animadversion as this.

The academic curse has made and is still making deadly havoc with the young musicians of this country. And it is observations such as these that foster its fatal influence. Positively now there are many here, who, not content with insularity, are becoming absolutely parochial. They would have us believe that in Kensington Gore is situate the home of British musical art. And here is Mr. Maitland talking (and talking only) about "mediants" and "tonics of new

Bologna, and in his boyish enthusiasm informed him that it was his intention too to write a trilogy. "Go on, young man, and succeed," said the master; and, removing his cap, he added, "You see I am grey, and I still struggle."

The spirit of cosmopolitanism is not to be cast aside as Mr. Maitland would cast it. Would that it were—that we might look to each nation for a purely national art. In Italy decay has long since set in to such an extent that to expect a purely national output is for the present hopeless. The most that we can look for is that this grafted growth will take root and flourish, finally to become indigenous. It bids fair to do so.

As for ourselves, we have our old *cheval-de-bataille*, the hymn tune. Whether it be in its original form or spun out into opera or oratorio matters little—it is still to all intents and purposes the hymn tune. But it, too, is threatened with a danger—that of losing its right to be called a "tune." While we have it, we have something we can call our own. Let us guard it well. Above all, let us not converge from insular to parochial art—from insular to parochial and academic criticism.—CHARLES WILLEBY.

THE SACRED BATHING-PLACE AT ALLAHABAD.

The Hindu religion ascribes peculiar sanctity to the Ganges, the river which is supposed, like the Oxus, to have descended from the skies, flowing down to earth from the celestial "milky way"; but there is no place reputed so holy as the junction of the Ganges with the Jumna,



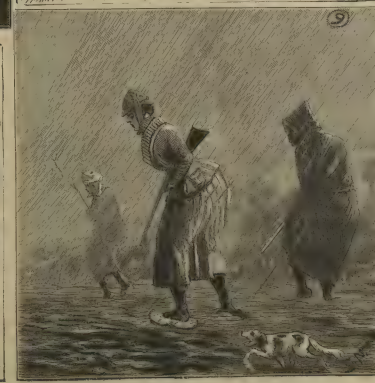
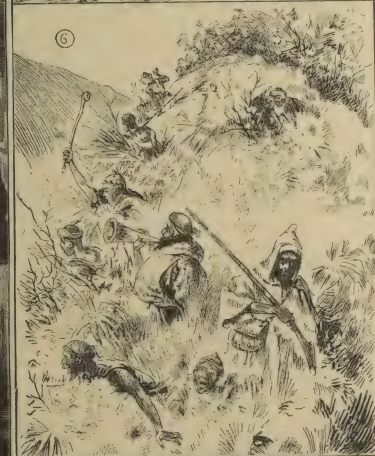
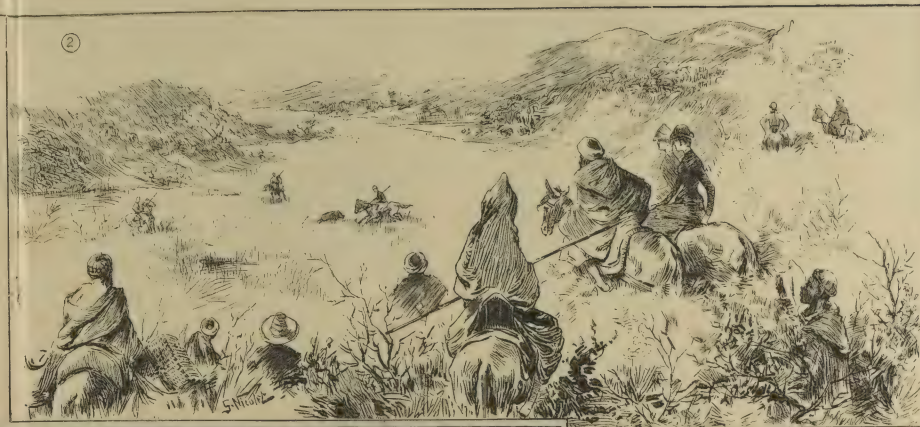
THE SACRED BATHING-PLACE AT ALLAHABAD.

keys" in treating of a work which by its palpitating reality has stirred the heart of every musician who has listened to it. Why not abjure Rabelais because he is indecent—forswear Longfellow because there are times when he is metrically deficient? And even so Mr. Maitland would have us believe that it takes a "careful observer" to discern these trivialities of his, whereas they are evident to the most casual. They are mannerisms, perhaps, but they are not the mannerisms of wilful habit—they are but the exuberances of a musical constitution brimming over with vitality, affluent in dramatic instinct, big with passion. Above all, they are not especially Italian. The crudities in the work of this young genius are hardly the crudities of ignorance, nor are they in the least to be described as vicious, as Mr. Maitland would describe them. They are of the shiftlessness of youth. He has yet to curb the violence of his inspiration, and in each new work he writes he curbs it more.

A well-written fugue appeals to Mr. Maitland. It is to him a sign of supreme achievement. He is fortunate in that he is in a place where the fugue flourishes. In Italy or in France he would be out of his element, for in both these places counterpoint is still a means rather than an end. There was a time when it was so in England. Of Puccini's work he is content to speak with more of moderation. He confesses that "Le Villi" and "Manon Lescaut" are works upon the right lines. But he classes them as purely Italian. Yet the spirit of Wagner is rife among the younger generation in Italy. Indeed, the great danger by which they are threatened is that of denationalisation. There is young Leoncavallo; his "Pagliacci" shows this in a lesser degree than does his "I Medici," solely by reason of its subject. But I have it from his own lips that where his sympathies are not Gallic they are Teutonic. From early boyhood Wagner was his god. He never tires of telling how he met the Bayreuth master at Carducci's in

class and rank of the Hindu people. Families come to perform here the ceremony of the "Shradd," by which a son comforts the soul of his deceased father in Pret-yoni, or Purgatory, under the direction of the priests; the fakirs, yogis, and other professional religious mendicants, friars and hermits, display their apparent poverty and piety, and receive the alms of fond believers. Immersion in the holy river, at the celebrated "ghat," the bathing-place, shown in our illustration, is deemed to have efficacy for the cleansing away of the patient's sins. All clothing, except a scarf girt about the loins, having been taken off, the pilgrim, man or woman, guided by a Brahmin, steps into the water till it reaches the waist. Then, with scissors, a few locks of hair are cut off and thrown into the river. Some water is splashed with the hands towards north and south, east and west, and the Brahmin utters some prayers and benedictions. The baptismal rite of purification or absolution is thus completed. We are indebted to Colonel Brown Constable, late of the Indian Staff, proprietor of the Kaiser-i-Hind photographic studio at Allahabad, for several views, one of which we have reproduced, illustrating the festival of the Koomb Mela.

The frozen provisions, chiefly game and fish, on which St. Petersburg subsists during the winter have become rotten through frequent thawing, to the great loss of dealers and detriment to the health of the inhabitants, especially the poorer classes; while fresh supplies cannot be easily brought into town on account of the bad state of the sledge roads. Influenza, no doubt connected with the extraordinary meteorological conditions, is raging in nearly every house. The gale blowing from the west threatens inundations. This winter is quite as extraordinary in changes of temperature as last winter was for excessive cold.



1. NATIVE DEALERS RECEIVING THE SHEEP OF WAZAN.
2. OUR FIRST SIGHT AND SPEAR.

3. TEN TO ONE ON THE BOARD (BEST MAKE FRIENDS).
4. DRYING THE BREECHES.

5. SOME OF THE DEALERS AT WORK.

6. "PLEASE, MA'AM, ONLY A LITTLE ONE."
7. A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

8. AN OFF-DAY'S SHOOTING: ONE OF OUR LADIES TRYING FOR A POT AT SNIPES.

SKETCHES AT A PIG-STICKING CAMP IN MOROCCO.

OLD ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Keep a thing, its use will come," say the wise. Chance, rather than design, has kept in existence many of the old English translations from the Classics, long after their apparent usefulness was gone. They are of no service to schoolboys as cribs; Bohn is far more literal; as close and accurate renderings of masterpieces they leave much to be desired. The early English translation of Thucydides, in black letter, was apparently from the French, which was derived from the Italian, which leaned upon the Latin version of the original Greek. Yet, whether this pedigree be correct or not, the old English Thucydides, which Shakspeare may have studied, remains very good reading. All these old versions are full of fresh idioms, and their authors had the wealthiest of vocabularies. They used far more words than we use, and their phrases never were stereotyped, never machine-made, never turned out of moulds as our phrases are apt to be. Prose translations, in English, continued to be idiomatic and readable to about the age of Dryden. Then began a period of colourless prose, and of renderings perhaps more scholarly, but by no means more closely literal than the Elizabethan and Jacobean translations. These old versions, though commonly neglected by book-hunters, are sometimes very rare. Thus, in the handsome "Tudor Translations," edited by Mr. Henley (Nutt), the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius provides the curious with a book which the curious might hunt for long enough in its original shape. The first edition, says Mr. Whibley in his Introduction, is of 1566, and there are others of 1571, 1582, 1596, 1600, and 1639. This proves the popularity of the novel. The reprint, for some reason not very obvious, is from the edition of 1639; probably a transcript might have been made from the first edition in the Bodleian or the British Museum. In the programme it is announced that the translations will be treated as original essays, "there will be no question of errors in scholarship." If easy, this method is hardly satisfactory, when we are interested as much in manner as in matter. A translation is a new dress of an original work, and it is desirable to know how the dress fits. Mr. Whibley has, therefore, been better than the promise of the programme, and has compared the English of William Adlington with the Latin of Apuleius. The editor proves that Adlington knew Latin very badly, that he helped himself from the French version, and that he made the kind of blunders in which schoolboys are so fertile. But if Adlington did not know Latin he did know English, whereas the modern translator has Latin enough, but in a rich and coloured English is sadly to seek. Mr. Whibley seems rather startled by Adlington's phrase "slick and fine," used of an ass's coat; but if "slick" means "sleek" (as seems probable) there is nothing odd about it but the spelling. The peculiarity of Adlington is that he will turn a decorative and picturesque passage tamely, and then give picturesqueness of his own where the original wants relief. In fact, the old translators are not to be followed or imitated; they give too much of their own and too little of their original: but they are excellent to steal from.

A modern translator, as a rule, is careful and troubled about rendering the force of every particle in Greek; and, of course, he does well in this carefulness. But for spirit, for readableness, for rhythm he cares very little, or he can do very little. One always feels that one is reading a translation. The old Englishers, as Phil Holland the voluminous, and "B. R.," who did two books of Herodotus, and Adlington, and others who only survive in their initials, give us books which are very inaccurate but which read like originals. "Of the Face appearing within the Roundle of the Moon," is Phil Holland's rendering of the title of a Plutarchian tract, and "roundle" pleases by itself. Here is an anecdote, as rendered by Holland, concerning the demon of Socrates: "Socrates went up towards a place called Symbolon, asking all the way as we went, and troubling Euthyphron with many questions, merrily and by way of sport; but all on a sudden he staid and rested, very studious and musing with himself a good while: then he turned back and went along the street where joyners dwelt, that made coffers and chests, and called to those his familiar friends who were gone before the other way, for to have them return; for why, his familiar spirit forbade him to go forward as he began. Thus the greater part of them retired and went with him, and among them I myself was one, following evermore Euthyphron hard at heels: but some of the younger sort would needs go straight on still, of a very deliberate purpose, to cross and convince the familiar spirit of Socrates, and drew along with them Charillus, the player upon the flute. Now, when they went by the shops of the Imagers, near the common Halls and Courts of Justice, they might see before them a mighty herd of Hogges, as thick as one might stand by another, full of dirt and mire, and bearing down all before them, by reason of their great number, and overthrew some of the young men aforesaid, and laid them along on the ground, yea, and all to be raied the rest of their fellows. Thus returned Charillus home to his lodging, with his legs, his thighs, and all his clothes foully bedaubed with filthy dirt; in such sort as he maketh us remember many times, and that with good laughing, the familiar of Socrates."

What a picture this is of Athens as a town of living men, a town of narrow streets, streets of the "joyners" and "imagers," such as Phidias! We learn more of Athenian life here than from all the works of Professors. But nobody translates in this manner any longer. Nor are we likely now to talk, like Adlington, of "the blind inevitable trenches of witches," any more than we hire a Prophecier "to reduce the soul of this man from hell." "His tender plume feathers, dispersed upon his shoulders like shining flowers," is a pleasant phrase in a description of Cupid. Mr. Whibley has made a bouquet of such blossoms of speech, in his Introduction. Perhaps many readers will find these turns and pretty, unlooked-for words more agreeable than the novel of Apuleius, considered as a tale. It is heathenish enough, and, in spite of some good scenes, and the episode of Cupid and Psyche, is a so dull—as Greek novels, to my taste, were. The best is "Daphnis and Chloe," innocent sports for those who are not innocent, like the Regent. The student is rather glad when, after being an ass, "Apuleius by Roses and prayer returned to his humane shape," and the Ass was got rid of for good. We all, indeed, travel through life with a donkey, as the philosopher says; and perhaps it was by a satiric touch that the donkey was made to write his memoirs. Many donkeys do.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bampton Lectures are not to be delivered in the years 1896, 1898, and 1900. This is accounted for by the agricultural depression. The sole endowment of the lectures is a farm in Buckinghamshire, which does not yield enough for a regular yearly stipend. Of late the standard of the lectures has been very fairly kept up, but no harm will be done by their occasional suspension.

Bishop Alfred Barry, of Trinity College, Canon of Windsor, has been elected to the office of Hulsean lecturer for the year 1894-5. The lecturer, who is appointed for one year only, is required to preach at least four sermons before the University during his term of office.

It is stated that Miss Butler, daughter of the late Dean of Lincoln, is preparing to write a biography of her father. If so, she will no doubt have the assistance of her accomplished brother, Mr. Arthur J. Butler, one of the best Dante scholars of the present day.

It is proposed to build a beautiful marble altar and reredos, to cost 30,000 dollars, in Trinity Church, Boston, formerly the parish of Bishop Phillips Brooks. This will be taken as a step towards the introduction of a more ritualistic service than the late Bishop approved of.

Mrs. Besant has been well received in India, but it is doubtful how far she has brought the Bengalees to feel any enthusiasm for a spiritual religion. A native gentleman is said to have remarked, "if Mrs. Besant is, as she professes, a true disciple of Hindooism, her first duty is to put herself under the authority of her husband."

The Bishop of Liverpool is admitted, even by the Catholic section of the Church, to have done good work in his diocese. The statistics of the thirteen years during which he has laboured in Liverpool show very satisfactory results, especially in the Sustentation Fund which has been established.

The Congregationalists are still discussing the question of provision for their rural ministers. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Congregational Union as a whole should undertake this, or whether it should still be managed by a separate society. Opinion seems nearly equally divided, and until that point is settled it is not likely that any very effective action will be taken.

Among the Methodists the discussion as to the establishment of a new order of "bishops" still continues. Those who advocate the proposed change have succeeded to a certain extent in calming the fears of their opponents, but the opposition among the rank and file is evidently very strong, and it is not likely that it can be overcome.

The Rev. W. Carlile, Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, advocates the removal of the churches of St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Dunstan's, and St. George's, and the establishment of eight new churches for east London. The attendance at the City churches named has shrunk to practically nothing, and the liberation of their endowments would provide the new churches and rectories required in the east.

The entire restoration of an Kidderminster parish church has been undertaken by an anonymous donor. Twelve out of the proposed nineteen memorial windows to the late Bishop Claughton in the church are in course of preparation.

Professor Ryle, of Cambridge, is editing for Messrs. Macmillan a series of introductions to the books of the Bible, in which critical results will be fully recognised. The contributors will be Churchmen, with the exception of Dr. George Adam Smith, the author of the well-known commentary on Isaiah in the Expositor's Bible. Dr. Smith is a professor of Hebrew, not in the University of Glasgow, as is announced, but in the Free Church College, Glasgow, where Mr. Henry Drummond, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," also holds a chair.

Viscount Cross has consented to act as chairman, and Canon Duncan to act as secretary, of the committee nominated by the two Archbishops to examine and advise upon the various schemes that have been advocated for the relief of the voluntary schools. Communications on the business of the committee should be addressed to the Rev. Canon Duncan, Precincts, Canterbury.

The Rev. W. E. Dickson Carter, an Oxfordshire rector, has been appointed by the Bishop an honorary canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.—MR. JOHN MACCALLAN SWAN.

In his special line Mr. Swan holds as thoroughly a distinctive place as either Mr. Sargent or Mr. Hacker, and the ranks of the Associates are so much the stronger by the addition of three names which recall some of the most noteworthy pictures of recent years. Mr. Swan was born at Brentford in 1846, and his *Wanderjahre*, which began early, extended over many years. He first began to study art at the Worcester School

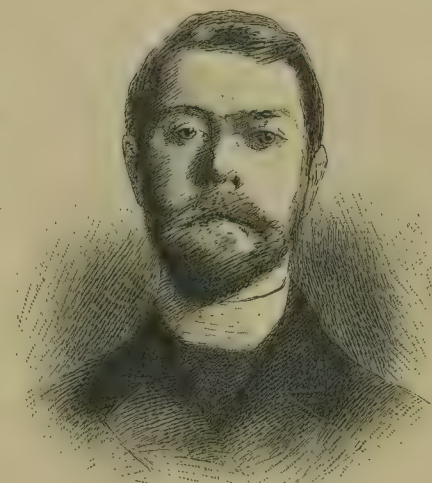


Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.
MR. JOHN MACCALLAN SWAN.

of Art; thence he returned to town and placed himself under Mr. Sparkes at the Lambeth School of Art. Then he made a trial of the Royal Academy Schools. It was during his student days there that he sent one of his drawings to the great French artist Gérôme, who, recognising its merit and promise, at once invited young Swan to take up work in Paris. Gérôme's teaching, however, was too academic for the young artist, who seemed attracted by the more modern styles of Dagnan-Bouveret and Bastien-Lepage. At the same time he took up sculpture with energy, and after passing a short time in the atelier of Frémiet, he found in Barye a teacher more to his taste. From Paris he wandered on to Florence, and sent thence his first work, "Dante and the Leopards," to the Royal Academy in 1883. From Florence he went to Rome for a time, and then turned northward to Holland, where he foregathered especially with the brothers Maris, and through them was elected a member of the Dutch Water Colour Society, while the Royal Hibernian Academy also elected him one of its members. His self-education, however, was not yet finished, for on his return to England he set himself to study at St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's Hospitals; ultimately settling in St. John's Wood, where he found at the neighbouring Zoological Gardens opportunities for pursuing his observations of animal life. His first success was at Paris, where in 1885 he obtained a "mention honorable," at the Salon, for his animal group, "Maternity," and four years later a silver medal for his "Orpheus and Eurydice." In England he remained little known outside a select circle of artists until 1888, when his "Prodigal Son" suddenly revealed his powers. The trustees of the Chantrey Bequest at once secured it for £800. Other works by which he is known are "A Dead Monarch," "Polar Bears Swimming," and a portrait of Mrs. Hamilton.

V.—MR. JOHN S. SARGENT.

Mr. J. S. Sargent may almost be regarded as the spoiled child of fortune. His career has been one of unbroken success, and, if not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, seems to have had a golden palette in his hand from very early years. Of American parentage, he was, according to his own account, born at Venice in 1856, a few years before that wonderful city lost its picturesque Austrian garrison. But Philadelphia also claims him as a son. He came to Paris and settled in the American colony of artists who frequented, in those days, the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. He soon attracted not only the attention but the affection of his master, Carolus-Duran. In 1879 he made his success at the Salon with a portrait of him and a study of the olive-trees of Capri. These he followed up with a portrait and a quaint study of colour, "Fumée d'ambre gris," which in a way led up to the striking picture, "Carnation, Lily: Lily, Rose," which in 1887 was exhibited at Burlington House. The trustees of the Chantrey Bequest purchased this remarkable work. Prior to this, however, in 1882, he had established his reputation in Paris by "El Jaleo," a group of Gitanas dancing—an idea subsequently treated in "La Carmencita"—and had already obtained a second-class medal. His success in Paris as a portrait-painter induced him to try his fortune in this country, with a portrait of Mrs. Henry White, the wife of the Secretary to the United States Legation; and in 1883 his portrait of Mrs. William Playfair was hung in the great room at Burlington House. This was succeeded by others equally striking and successful, amongst which may be mentioned those of Lady Playfair, Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, Lady Agnew, and Mrs. Hugh Hammersley.



MR. JOHN S. SARGENT.

ART NOTES.

There are two exhibitions of Japanese art now open—one at the Goupil Gallery dealing almost exclusively with the prints and paintings collected by M. Théodore Duret; the other at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, limited to metal and lacquer work brought together from the collections of the best-known English connoisseurs. Lacquer-work loses none of its attractions as the legends in which it was once enveloped are swept away; and we find that the most delicate and fanciful period of this art belongs to the seventeenth century, and was practised by a small coterie of diligent workers who by their taste and skill made lacquer-work at once fashionable and beautiful. Public taste was already prepared to welcome this development—for the manufacture of lacquer-work was traceable to the remotest periods of Japanese history, with more or less reason—and, at any rate, specimens were existing in the seventeenth century of work of which the real origin had been lost in the night of time. The managers of the present exhibition are therefore wise in not giving official recognition to works ascribed to an earlier period. The contents of Cases IX. and X. suffice to show lacquer art at its apogee; and although it would require the acuteness of an expert to follow the special aims and methods of the schools of Ritsuo, Koma, and their modern successors, to the eyes of the ordinary connoisseur the high standard aimed at by the workmen of the seventeenth century has been sustained by those of the nineteenth. It is the same with the Japanese metal-work. Tradition carries us back to the armourers of the first century of the Christian era, but there is probably little which can be historically defended earlier than the spread of Buddhism, although it is said that the chief impetus to the making of beautiful images was due to a native of Korea, a nation which has long since abandoned all attempts to civilise its neighbours. The miniature bells or gongs, the vases and other objects connected with Buddhist worship were often worked out with elaborate care (Case VIII.), and as the religious sentiment died away this feeling was transferred to the representations of animals—the dragon, the serpent, the toad, and the tortoise being among the most favourite forms reproduced. It was, however, on the furniture of the sword that from the remotest times the Japanese metal-workers lavished their most delicate fancy. The scabbard, the hilt, and the guard were only half of the accessories which these artists found means to decorate, and specimens of all have been carefully, and, as far as possible, chronologically, arranged in the half-dozen well-filled cases round the gallery. It was natural, perhaps, when in 1867 the order came for the Daimios to disarm their retainers, that the metal-workers should find much of their occupation gone, but one has only to look at some of the quite modern work here brought together to realise that the best workmen have speedily found other outlets for their talents.



"END OF THE STORY."—BY ALBERT MOORE.
Reproduced from the Picture in the Grafton Gallery by permission of William Kenrick, Esq., M.P.

The subject of the "Cantor Lectures" at the Society of Arts, delivered this season by Mr. Henry Blackburn, was "Book and Newspaper Illustration." These lectures have now been published in pamphlet form, and deserve the attention of all who are interested practically, or as purchasers, in the most important feature of modern publishing. Mr. Blackburn recognises fully the wants of the public and the means which have been successively tried to meet them. As a rule, wood-engraving is too elaborate and too costly for both books and newspapers, and in presence of the "various processes" which are brought forward it looks as if the burden of reproduction was in the future to be borne by photogravure of some sort. As, however, Mr. Blackburn shows in his careful analysis of the various methods which have competed for public favour, a great deal still remains for the draughtsman to do before a picture is ready for the photographer. It was to a proper recognition of this special art—for art it is—that the lectures are directed, and it must be admitted that a very good case is made out for the need of the careful training of those who wish to qualify themselves as workers in black and white, and at the same time to raise the standard of English illustrations. "It is the misuse of processes," as Mr. Blackburn truly says, not the use of them, "which is dragging our national reputation in the mire." This may be severe criticism, but it is not without point and justice; and to avoid the dangers which beset the

young illustrator who fancies that nothing is more simple than to translate his own or another's ideas into lines suitable for reproduction, so that each line may have its relative value and importance, is the aim of Mr. Blackburn's instructive lectures.

In connection with this subject, it is to be hoped in all serious goodwill for the future of English illustrations that the statement recently put abroad that "drawing for the press" is to be included in the subjects taught (save the mark!) and subventioned by the Science and Art Department is incorrect. Putting aside all considerations of fair and honourable dealing towards those private individuals who have made this branch of art their special study, and have established schools or classes to teach what they themselves had learnt by long and toilsome experience, it is fair to ask the department what beneficent purpose they hope to effect? A number of young men and women who will have learnt the so-called art of "drawing for the press" from teachers without training, and directed by inspectors without qualification, are to be let loose upon the world clamouring for employment, which they will not obtain unless publishers and editors are willing to reduce the standard of their illustrations, instead of raising it, and unless the public taste falls in proportion with the inferior work thus foisted upon it. Of all the proposals for wasting public money none so fatuous or ill-considered in its results has been put forward of late years.

Mr. Douglas Adams is well known—especially north of the Tweed—as a painter of animals; and his collection of sporting pictures now on view in London (Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall) will extend his reputation. The devotees of stalking, shooting, hunting, fishing, and golf-playing are treated with equal respect and attention, and useful hints may be obtained from these studies, both as to where to find sport and how to take the best advantage of it. By-the-bye, a clever set of drawings relating to hunting has been issued by Messrs. Victor, under the title of "With Horse and Hound in Worcestershire," by A. J. McNeill, whose sketches have considerable talent and vivacity.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries, New Bond Street, Messrs. Edwin and Claude Hayes—father and son—have united to cover the walls—the former with marine pictures in oils, and the latter with landscapes in water colours. Mr. Edwin Hayes has long since attained a high place among painters of sea-pictures, for he is one of the few whose boats seem really to roll with the waves or swell. There is a certain sameness in his tones and situations which makes him look less satisfactory in a "one man" exhibition than when mingled with the works of others. Mr. Claude Hayes has not yet acquired any very distinct mannerism, but he is fluent and often effective in his work.



"KINGCUPS."—BY ALBERT MOORE.
Reproduced from the Picture in the Grafton Gallery by permission of Mrs. Brunner.



"JASMINE."—BY ALBERT MOORE.
Reproduced from the Picture in the Grafton Gallery by permission of Watson Fothergill, Esq.



1. In the Paddock: Waiting their Turn.
2. Clearing the Course.

3. Hunt Servants.
4. Toilet Arrangements.

5. Preliminary Hurdle and Canter.
6. Start for the Two-and-a-Half Miles Steeplechase.

7. The Water Jump.
8. The Rails: "Here they come!"

9. "C'rect Cards, Gemmen, please!"
10. Final Instructions.

11. The Winner Returning to
"Weigh In."



LOVE AND GOSSIP.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A very interesting and suggestive paper was lately published by Dr. W. Lloyd Andriezen in the pages of the *British Medical Journal*. Dr. Andriezen discussed therein the nature of a certain apparently insignificant item in the brain called the "pituitary body." He has been working from the standpoint of comparative anatomy, tracing this organ upwards towards humankind from worms, sea-squirts, the lancelet, fishes, amphibians, and the like—a method of inquiry which, as Dr. Andriezen remarks, is the only way of solving the true nature of many of the structures that appear in a useless and rudimentary condition in man and his neighbour animals.

The pituitary body with which Dr. Andriezen concerns himself lies on the base of the brain, and weighs from five to ten grains. In the very young state, this organ is relatively larger than in the adult, and it then exhibits a cavity which is in communication with a certain space (the third ventricle) of the brain; this cavity seldom persisting onwards to later life. Now, in the young lancelet (the lowest fish) and in the young lamprey, the pituitary gland shows a tube or duct leading from the mouth-cavity right into the nervous system; so that water entering by the duct traverses the central canal of the spinal cord. The track of the water Dr. Andriezen saw clearly enough by aid of a little carmine with which he coloured the fluid. The water escapes out of the spinal canal by a special opening placed towards the rear of the body. This provision clearly has a nutritive reason at its back. For water, laden with the vivifying oxygen, passes through the very centre of the animal's nervous system, supplying it with an essential element for its welfare, and carrying off at the same time the waste products of nervous activity.

In lower forms of life, then, we get a water-system which, among other functions, serves to douche the nervous axis with oxygen and to carry away its waste-products. This water-system, moreover, precedes, in point of development, the heart and bloodvessels; indeed, I fancy it may be truly said to unite in itself the functions of the blood and the breathing systems. Now, when the true blood-system develops in the animal, the need for the water-system disappears, and the duties of the pituitary body as the guardian and inlet of this water-system (exercising certain important functions in addition to its inlet services) naturally come to an end. Even after the water-stream no longer enters it, the pituitary gland carries on certain duties which Dr. Andriezen tells us tend towards supplying the nervous system with some form or other of nourishment. It is this nourishing duty, in truth, which is to be regarded as the *raison d'être* of the pituitary body's existence; and he contends that when this gland is diseased or otherwise affected, we may expect to find in the nervous system certain definite effects following on the loss of supply of nutrition to the nerve-centres. It is also a significant fact that after the thyroid gland in the neck has been removed, the pituitary body in the brain gets enlarged. This is compensation for the thyroid loss evidently. In adult man, the pituitary body has passed the acme of its importance, but still exercises some influence on our nerves' nutrition. Whatever be the outcome of Dr. Andriezen's investigations, they are certainly both curious and important. They teach us how our own rise in the world of life has, among other things, been the outcome of modifications which tend to wipe out the things of lower existence, and to substitute for them the proper belongings of the higher estate.

I have received a thoughtful letter from a reader of this column, on the subject of pain. My correspondent is anxious to arrive at some clear understanding about pain, as distinct from mere sensation, and begs my assistance in helping him out of his difficulty. I am very willing to present my views to him, and to my readers at large, for what they are worth. First, let me say that mere sensitiveness is quite distinct from pain. An animal will exhibit signs which the careless observer might mistake for those of pain, but which are really only and merely "reflex" in character—in other words, they are carried out by means of a nervous mechanism similar to that whereby we close our eyelids, in which consciousness (the essential element in pain) has no part at all. You will get a headless frog to perform actions as apparently intelligent and purposive in character as those it performs with its head on; but no one will surely argue that such actions, following upon stimulation calculated to cause pain, can indicate that the animal suffers in any sense. They are "reflex" in character only, and merely indicate the response of the nervous mechanism to stimuli. For I suppose it is only a common-sense view of things to assert that whatever pain a frog may feel can only be experienced when it possesses its head and brain.

The essence of pain, to my way of thinking, is over-acute sensation, and this, I repeat, is only possible in the fullest exercise of consciousness. Now, arguing backwards, if human pains require for their realisation a human brain, it is evident that the pains of lower life cannot equal those of humanity. They may approach them; I say they don't equal them. Going still further and lower in animal life, we get to cold-blooded animals, whose sensations are slower than those of warm-blooded forms. In them, I question if pain, as we know it, exists at all. I think it is a fair inference that we get a zero-point in pain when we pass to the cold-blooded races, for the reason I have above given. It is a big mistake, committed by many people, to place ourselves, theoretically, inside the lower animal and to regard it as equalling ourselves in its capabilities of pain. We don't credit a dog or a horse with our consciousness; why credit either with our capacity for and experience of pain? Dogs and horses, for instance, not to speak of cats, will recover from severe injuries without looking over their shoulders, so to speak. Nervous shock, so fatal to man, is I should say, practically non-existent in them. I have often taken consolation from such thoughts in view of the immense amount of pain which exists in nature. It is some small comfort to me at least, to believe, on scientific grounds, that there is not quite so much suffering in the world as we are apt to imagine.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, J S MARTIN (Kidderminster).—It is quite impossible for us in the space at our disposal to comply with your request. You had better refer to some work on the openings.

E J S (Clapton).—Your careful analysis establishes a true bill against No. 2600. The other matter is an obvious error.

P H W (Hamstead).—We have done as you desire.

ALPHA.—The trap, unfortunately, catches no victims, as there is an undoubted second solution.

J TUCKER AND OTHERS.—In No. 2597 if Black play 1. R takes P White replies with Q to B 4th (ch), B takes Q; 3. P takes B (dis ch), and mate. This variation, which is very pretty, ought to have been given in our published solution.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2596 received from G Rauch (Constantinople); of No. 2597 from Sergeant-Major E Retchford (Penryn); of No. 2598 from E Loudon, Charles Burnett, J D Tucker (Leeds), Howich, Dr Brown (Farnham), and A D M (Banbury); of No. 2599 from J D Tucker, G Rauch, J Bailey (Newark), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), George Irving, Mr and Mrs H B Byrne (Torquay), John McRobert (Crossgar), F Glanville, C P S Good, Walter Coventry, Sergeant-Major E Retchford and Howich.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2590 received from Edward J Sharpe, H B Hurford, J D Tucker, J S Martin (Kidderminster), R Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, M A Eyre (Folkestone), J Coad, H C Chancellor, T Roberts, H S Brandreth, Thomas Shakespeare (South Yardley), E Desanges, Rev G T Carpenter (Thwaite), E E H, C Dunn (Camberwell), A Newman, Ubique, H H Brooks, Charles Burnett, W R Raillem, Sorrento, C E Perugini, W Wright, C M A B, W P Hind, Sergeant-Major E Retchford, Admiral Brandreth, A J Haggood (Haslar), Martin F, E Loudon, L Beirlant (Bruges), W David (Cardiff), J M Lott, M W Packer, J J J (Frampton), H C Myers, A C Foord (Cheltenham), Joseph Willcock (Chester), Henry B Byrnes, and W R B (Plymouth).

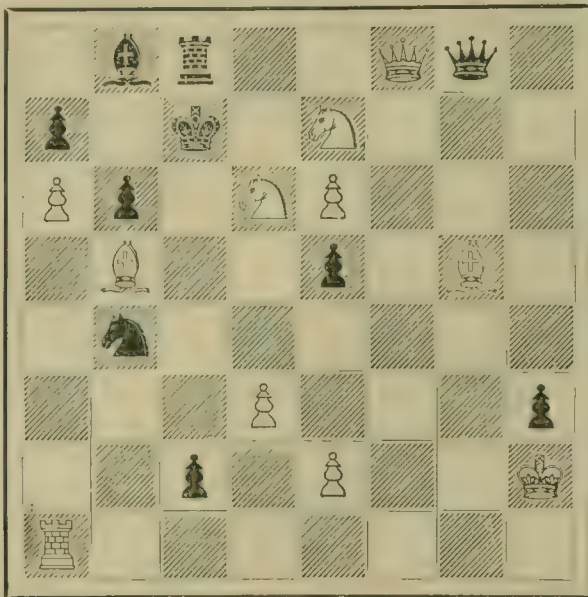
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2599.—BY THE REV. A. W. ROW.

WHITE.
1. Kt to B 2nd
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2602.

By DR. F. STEINGASS.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. WALKER and SANDEMAN.
(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. B to B 4th	P to Q R 3rd
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	15. B to K 3rd	P to K R 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to K B 4th	16. B to K 3rd	B takes B
A favourite defence, on which Black has expended a considerable amount of critical examination.		17. R takes B	P to B 5th
4. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P	18. R to K 4th	Kt to K 2nd
5. P to K 5th		Black manages cleverly enough to maintain his material superiority, with little disadvantage in position.	
White adopts the line of play advocated by Mr. Steinitz.		19. Q to Q 5th	P to Q 3rd
6. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q B 4th	20. Q takes B P	
7. Kt takes P	P takes P	If instead P takes P, Black replies with P takes P. If he play Q takes R, then 21. P takes Kt, R to K sq; 22. Kt to K 5th, &c.	
8. Castles	Castles	20. Q takes R	Q takes R
9. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K sq	21. Q takes Kt	B to K Kt 5th
10. Kt to Q 5th	B to Kt 3rd	22. B to Q 3rd	Q to Q 4th
11. R to K sq	Kt takes Kt	23. Kt to R 4th	B takes R
12. Q takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq	24. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B sq
13. Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 3rd	25. Q takes R (ch)	R takes Q
14. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	26. Kt to K 7th (ch)	K to B 2nd
With the object of enabling him to play R to Q 3rd at the proper moment.		27. Kt takes Q	P takes K P
		Black wins.	

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played in recent intercolonial match by telegraph between Messrs. ESLING and HOLLOWAY.
(Vienna Game.)

WHITE, Mr. E. (Victoria.)	BLACK, Mr. H. (S. Australia.)	WHITE, Mr. E. (Victoria.)	BLACK, Mr. H. (S. Australia.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	This Pawn might, with advantage, have been captured earlier.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 4th	21. Kt to R 4th	P takes P
3. P to K B 4th	B takes Kt	22. P takes R	Kt to K 5th
Inferior to P to Q 3rd. A piece well in play is surrendered for an undeveloped Knight, and no advantage accrues.		23. P takes R	Kt to B 7th
4. R takes B	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. Kt to B 5th	B to B sq
5. P takes P	Kt takes P	25. P to Q B 3rd	R to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	Kt to K Kt 3rd	26. K to Q 2nd	R to Q 3rd
7. Q to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	27. R to K 2nd	Kt to R 6th
8. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th	28. K to K 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
9. P takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	29. R to K sq	
10. Q to B 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd	The ending needs all the care bestowed upon it by the players, and has some good points.	
11. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q	29. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K R 4th
12. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K B 4th	30. R to K 2nd	R to Kt 7th
13. B takes Kt	P takes B	31. B to K 2nd	R to Kt 3rd
The result of all this is that White comes out a Pawn to the good, and though the after play is of interest in this case, the battle is scarcely an equal one.		32. B takes P	
14. Castles	K to B sq	A capital venture. If now K takes B, Kt to K 5th (ch) wins the Rook, after which Black's Knight is hopelessly placed as regards further action.	
With Kt to K 6th in view.		32. B takes P	R to Kt 2nd
15. R to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	33. B takes P	B to R 3rd
16. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K Kt sq	34. R to Q 2nd	B takes Kt
17. R to B 3rd	P to K B 4th	35. R takes B	R to K 2nd (ch)
18. P to Kt 3rd	B to Q 2nd	36. K to B 3rd	R to K 5th
19. R to K sq	R to Kt 5th	37. R to K 3rd	Kt takes P
20. R to B 4th	R to Q sq	38. R takes R	Kt takes B
21. P takes P		39. R to K 5th	Kt to Kt 2nd
		40. K to B 4th, and wins.	

A match in the A division of the London Chess League took place on Feb. 8 between the Ludgate Circus and City News Rooms Chess Clubs. There were twenty players a side, and the result was a win for Ludgate Circus by 10½ games to 9½.

In the League matches played at the Café Madrid, Cheapside, E.C., Edmonstone beat Hornsey by 6½ games to 1½; and Lee beat Sydenham and Forest Hill by 7½ to 3½.

A second-class team of the Metropolitan were beaten by Hampstead—which has grown into one of the strongest of London local clubs—with a score of 7 games to 6.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Now that the Parish Councils Bill is through the Lords, it is possible to gauge what are the alterations in the position of women as voters that will be made thereby. The most important is undoubtedly the definite allowance of the married woman's vote. Not, of course, that married women as such are to vote, but that those of them who are responsible householders in their own names are not to be refused the vote on the mere ground that they have husbands. This is really the greatest innovation, for the other women who will have the local vote under this new measure, namely, the single women and widows at the heads of houses, were already the holders of all local franchises; but married ladies, merely because they were not single, have been refused their vote for Town Councils and the like, even though they were conducting separate businesses, or were the owners of large estates. Henceforth, if the vote of any kind is refused on the score that the person otherwise entitled to it is married, it will be an anomaly. This new Act, however, does not treat women and men as equals, for it gives votes to men who are lodgers and to men who are owners of property, while the women in exactly like position are not to exercise this franchise. As the House of Commons left the Bill there was yet another sex disability in it, for it was proposed that the chairman of the Parish Council should be, by virtue of that office, "a Justice of the Peace, except if a woman"; but the House of Lords has rejected the proposition in totality. Women, whether married or single, are eligible for election to be members.

Miss Olga Nethersole, in that remarkable production at the Court in which it is not too much to say she reveals herself as our future great emotional actress, has not disdained the aid of beautiful and unusually tasteful dresses. In the supreme scene, though she obviously forgets her costume, yet the effect of its previous careful thinking-out remains. Perhaps we should all be astonished if the scene were played in a different kind of gown at the discovery of how much the splendour of the brocade train in contrast with the absolute abandonment to misery of its wearer, and the low-cut neck that reveals the heaving bosom, have to do with the dramatic impression! Still, never was a scene played with less self-consciousness. The dress is a really good white brocade, the ground satin, and the design large daffodils in separate clusters. It is made with an immense train and has a bodice of plain satin covered with fine lace, which is also arranged as epaulettes over the huge sleeves. Another of the dresses worn by Miss Nethersole has a skirt with short train of pink silk, and the bodice of the same pink elaborately embroidered all over in a spider-web sort of design in silver and pearls. From the bust to over the shoulder there is carried a brace-like strap of black ribbon, and another band of black ribbon forms a belt, finishing with a natty bow at the side. The visiting dress is, perhaps, the most original and interesting of all. It is a pale grey smooth cloth, the skirt quite plain, and only just touching the ground, the bodice tight-fitting, with revers and deep collar of white satin embroidered with silver; and under the arms, and falling below the waist-line so as to form tails over the hips, comes white satin covered with éru guipure.

It does not seem to have been noticed that the theme of "The Transgressor," in which Miss Nethersole has made such an impression, is precisely that of "Jane Eyre." The only difference is that Rochester's intended marriage is arrested by the accidental discovery of his mad wife's existence, while in the play the man actually becomes a bigamist. The situation of a man or woman tied for life to the corpse of a marriage under such circumstances is truly distressing and cruel. It was the fate of Thackeray, whose wife, insane for half a century, died only a few weeks ago; and it saddened his life and spoiled his genius. It is to-day the fate of a rich young peer. But after all, such cases are quite exceptional, and if the divorce law is ever extended at all, there are other cases worse than madness to be considered, such as habitual drunkenness or long sentences of imprisonment of one party. The latter is a ground for divorce in France; and even in Russia, though the wife of a lifelong prisoner is allowed to accompany him to Siberia if she chooses, she is permitted to divorce him in preference if she wishes. As to madness, it is frequently difficult to tell how long it may persist, and is it not too sad to think of the situation of an Enoch Arden of the madhouse, returning after a period of temporary aberration to find his home destroyed, his place in his family filled up, and his wife the wife of a stranger? Madness is a misfortune so completely from the hand of God, so to speak—the sufferer is generally so without blame himself for it—that those who are called on to bear a part of the infliction, as the married partners of lunatics, should be better able to find in their hearts the needful patience and pity to do so than those who are compelled to suffer the desolation and deprivation of a nominal marriage but real widowhood because of the criminality, or of the hateful intemperance, or other coarse sin, or of the pure cruelty of the other spouse.

Dr. Muriel Maitland King has begun to give a series of "talks," as she prefers to call her lectures, to ladies, at 31A, Grosvenor Street, on health and on the laws of life for themselves and their children. As the late Princess Alice said, to obtain such instruction is of the highest value to mothers, "so that one may not feel quite helpless till the doctor arrives, and may know something of the reasons for what he wishes to have done," besides which, the Princess added, "I find it very interesting." To give such instruction to other women is part of the work that medical women are specially required for, and many ladies will no doubt be glad to go to hear Dr. King. The Marchioness of Londonderry has just issued an appeal to the technical committees of County Councils to provide similar lectures for poor women. One instance of the good such may do is Birmingham, where the death-rate was singularly reduced, and the medical officer of health bore testimony to the fact that the ladies' health-lectures had largely influenced it by having taught the working-class mothers how to feed and care for their babies. But still, I think educated women are best prepared to profit by such instruction.

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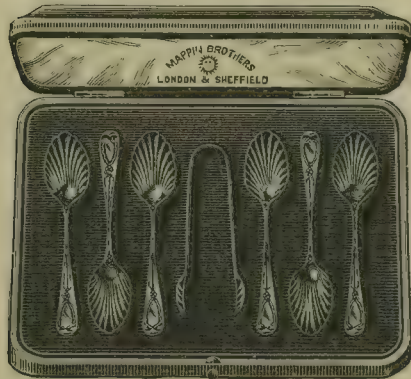
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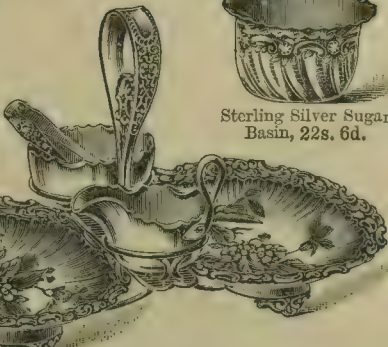
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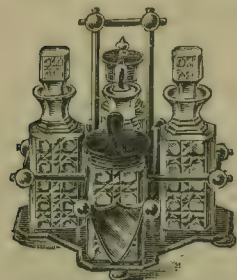


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A LOITERING STREAM.

Through spacious meadows lying in a broad hollow of the hills there winds a loitering stream—an idle river, gentle nurse of rushes and of reeds, haunt not of toil and traffic but of the water-rail and the heron. The old mill, with its red gables stained and weathered, its old barns and rambling outbuildings, hardly breaks the dream-like quiet. In the plash of water over the dark wheel, in the drowsy hum of the rude machinery, there is the charm of the country as much as in the dip of swallows in the pool or the laugh of the woodpecker in the orchard. In the shade of the great elms that spread sheltering arms over the roadway many a tired wayfarer has paused to rest, and, seated on the low wall by the weir, has watched the martins playing on the stream; has caught, it may be, a glimpse of the shy moorhen that, with nodding head, paddled swiftly to her harbour in the reeds; has listened to the goldfinch singing in the elms; has heard the wryneck pipe among the apple-boughs. Then the soft summer air was sweetened by the breath of flowers and marsh plants; then these quiet-coloured fields were bright with orchis and spear-wort, with meadow-sweet and flower-de-luce.

To-day the fields are bare. The reeds round the old weir are beaten down. Loose-strife and arrow-head are but dry leaves on the brink of the river. From the gaunt arms of the elms overhead the last leaves have long since floated down, and it is a wind of winter that stirs among the rustling sedges. No swallows poise over the pool. The wryneck's pipe has long been hushed, and even the woodpecker has no heart for laughter these grey wintry days. Yet the trout are leaping. A graceful wagtail is picking her dainty way along the oozy shore. Two water-rats are even now frolicking in and out among the roots of an old tree that leans over the bank. Now they swim in line across the stream, now round and round in circles; now they scramble ashore to race along behind the reeds; now they pause to nibble the leaves of the water-flag: two soft, warm, comfortable-looking, brown balls of fur, as dry, to all appearance, as if they had never been in the water at all. It is long since the flowers of summer faded, yet there is colour still. Great heaps of apples, gold and russet and crimson, still glow in the rank grass of the orchard. One huge neglected pile is dotted with the dark figures of a troop of starlings, chattering over their sweet plunder. The boughs of a barberry that droops its swaying sprays over the mill-dam are still hung with bright red clusters—copied in points of fire in the brown pool below.

Beyond the mill, where the brook winds idly through the meadows, as if conscious that its work was done, the sense of solitude grows deeper still. Never surely was there stream that flowed more leisurely than this—

Never schoolboy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the woodland in and out,
Wandered, loitering, thus about.

The slight path that follows it for a field or two leaves it at length, as if impatient of delay. There are few wayfarers

across the meadows; fewer still that follow the windings of the stream, the quiet bends that the moorhen loves, the shady reaches where the herons watch and wait. As you make your slow way along you may see where the water-rail has left her footmarks on the sandy shore, may hear her stealthy rustle as she glides away unseen among the thickets. Here the snipe get up with musical rush of their brown wings; and, at times, a moorhen, standing for a moment like a patch of shadow by the willow roots, starts into sudden flight, drawing after her, with trailing feet, long lines of silver on the water. It is too soon for the sandpipers that in summer time flicker down the winding shore. But the kingfishers have been here all the winter. You may chance to catch a glimpse of one, for a brief moment, as he flashes past:—perhaps even be fortunate enough to see him on his favourite perch—one of the logs that are laid across to keep cattle from straying along the bed of the stream. More than one fisherman, standing quietly by the river, has had the good fortune to see his brother angler alight for a moment on his rod. A kingfisher at rest, intent and motionless, has an ungainly air, for all his beauty. He looks better on the wing, when, like a living flame, he shoots along or makes that quick plunge downward, flying back to his perch again with a fish glittering in his beak. In summer, he would have carried his booty to the hole in the shelter of that great alder stump—still strown from end to end with fishbones—where, then, his eager nestlings, crowded in the narrow entrance, awaited his return.

This a quiet spot. Yet that straight line along the hillside was once a military road. Just showing through the beech-trees on the wooded height above it is an ancient camp. Many a time has the sunlight glinted on the helmets of the legionaries on the ramparts. Many a fierce border fray has swept across this valley. Many a time, no doubt, have the grey cliffs that break the hill-slope yonder flung back the long blast of Roman trumpets sounding for the charge. Peace-loving folk, too, are they of the few hamlets scattered along the hills. Yet records still exist that show with what bold front the yeomen of this parish armed in Bess's days to keep the Spaniards out. And among the "pykemen and shotte" who were on the muster-roll three centuries ago are a score of names still common in the villages that from the hillside, among tall elms and clustering orchards, look down upon this nameless stream.

F. A. KNIGHT.

The ranks of North London clergy will shortly be recruited by the appointment of two very well known clergymen to important livings within the Islington deanery. The Rev. Charles Henry Banning, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Rochester, succeeds Mr. Chapman at Christ Church, Highbury; and the Rev. Edward Grose Hodge, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington, replaces Mr. E. A. Stuart at St. James's, Holloway. Neither clergyman is, however, a stranger to the metropolis. Mr. Banning, after holding a curacy in the north, joined the secretarial staff of the London Jews' Society in 1862, and was officially connected

with that organisation for eleven years. But his interest in the work of the society has continued until the present time. In 1873 he accepted the vicarage of Christ Church, East Greenwich; but his stay there was short, for in the following year he was appointed to the vicarage of Strood. There he did good work for a number of years, and in 1890 he was nominated to his present living at Rochester. He is possessed of a kindly and genial disposition, which carries him along easily over difficulties which many other men would find to be stumbling-blocks. He has the reputation of being a hard and active worker, and his sermons are always bright and scholarly. He enjoys the confidence of the Bishop of Rochester. He is well on into middle life, and he has been in orders for nearly thirty-four years. The Rev. E. Grose Hodge, who goes to St. James's, Holloway, is a much younger man, having been ordained in 1878. His first curacy, it is singular to remark, was at St. Matthew's, Bayswater, the very church for which Mr. Stuart has resigned St. James's. But in 1886 Mr. Hodge, who had been for a long time deeply attached to the cause of temperance, accepted the secretaryship of the Church of England Temperance Society for the London diocese, and succeeded in infusing considerable life into that body. His work in this connection was not of long duration, for in 1888 he became Curate of St. Sepulchre's, Cambridge. This enabled him to proceed to a degree (previously he had been only a Highbury man), and he graduated B.A. in 1890, taking a third class in the Theological Tripos. In the same year he was appointed to the living of Holy Trinity, Leicester. He has many popular gifts, and it is believed he will be a considerable power at St. James's, which has been identified with the names of Mackenzie, Boyd Carpenter, and Stuart. He has local connections with the parish, and, if report speak truly, he can be indifferent to the non-endowment of the living. These appointments leave the Church colour of Islington unchanged.

A useful set of diagrams for technical schools and workshops has been designed by Mr. Herbert Cole with annotations by Mr. William Nelson, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. They illustrate the correct attitudes that should be adopted in the various occupations of the workshop, such as planing, sawing, and mortising. The neatness of the workman who figures in these diagrams is eminently calculated to inspire a high ideal in this respect as well as the businesslike method he exemplifies. Mr. Nelson says with probable truth that "experience proves that boys will adopt all methods and positions but the right ones," so we must sincerely trust that his instruction will correct this "original sin" and cause a better standard of style—in fact, a new "Manchester School" in technical training.

A few nights ago, just before the express from London to Marseilles was due to pass Marden, on the South-Eastern Railway, a horse attached to a stag-cart belonging to the Mid-Kent Stagbonds bolted and got on to the railway. The train dashed into the cart, which contained a stag. The stag and the horse were both killed, but the driver escaped. The train was not injured.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Although it is entirely owing to the common-sense and generosity of the theatrical managers of London that the so-called variety or music-hall entertainments have been able to advance in prosperity, and in a measure to propriety and good taste, still I fear there exists a little soreness in theatrical circles over the conspicuous success of free trade in amusements. If the managers cared to exercise to-morrow their legal and protective privileges, they could by Act of Parliament stop to-morrow all the sketches, all the dramatic dialogues, all the tableaux, and everything with an ounce of drama in it; in fact, they could, like dogs in the manger, hinder the paying public from enjoying what it has elected to enjoy. Never was a more unselfish course practised by the ruling powers, for unquestionably the result of this liberality has not been to increase the theatrical treasury. Quite the reverse. In proportion that the variety trade has flourished, the legitimate dramatic trade has diminished. I am bound to say, on behalf of these unselfish managers of theatrical properties who are suffering from free trade, and who do not countenance informations against all who are clearly breaking the law, that the attitude of the variety managers is not on the whole very consistent. With one hand they give their patrons artistic, well designed, and beautiful "living pictures," faultlessly draped and posed, exquisitely coloured, and calling into requisition the arts of music or recitation, and, on the other, they borrow from the lower dancing-rooms of Paris the French contortionists, who are only by courtesy termed dancers. It is well-nigh impossible that the mind that can be gratified by the tasteful and artistic *tableaux vivants* that are now the fashion can at the same time be pleased and delighted with the ugly and vulgar saltatory exercises of Madame Nini Patte en l'Air and her energetic companions. The answer, of course, will be "Well, we only borrowed them from the theatres," which is, in a certain sense, true; but experience shows that there are

theatres to-day which differ only in name from the variety or smoking theatres. These wild Parisian fandangoes are, after all, only a flash in the pan, whether they are introduced at theatres or music-halls. I can remember well that years ago some vulgar French dancers called "Les Clodoches" were brought over by George Vining to give effect to "The Huguenot Captain," in which Adelaide Neilson appeared, and I can recall the circumstance that the Alhambra license was once lost on account of a French quadrille not nearly so eccentric or defined as the one that has recently obtained a mere success of curiosity.

But for the *tableaux vivants* at the Empire and the Palace there can be nothing but praise. All this movement is in the right direction. If the public wants this kind of thing, elevating in tone, and delightful in fancy, there can be no question that the freedom of amusement has been a very great gain to the public at large. How Mr. Charles Morton must put on his considering-cap when he remembers he was once prosecuted by the theatrical managers of London and their informers for daring to show Pepper's Ghost illusion at the Canterbury Hall, because it was in essence dramatic, because it infringed dramatic rights, and because it "had a story in it"; and that now he can show "living pictures" all with a story in them, whereas the dramatic Acts of Parliament remain the same to-day as when Pepper's Ghost was banished from the music-hall stage. Personally, I think they might go a step further still with these lovely pictures. They should be described and explained either by brief quatrains of verse or by solos or glees or choruses behind the scenes. These artistic movements are all in the right direction, and will encourage County Councillors to soften their prejudices against the free and independent theatre, but, on the other hand, a handle is given to the wildest fanatics and bigots when the artistic tableaux are followed by the silly and undignified, and, I may add, ugly, contortions of French dancers of the Moulin Rouge pattern. The strife must ever be between the artistic and the vulgar. Who will win? I myself believe in the attitude of the public towards the beautiful and the refined, the pathetic sketch,

the Nelson and Wellington recollections, and the gradual improvement of the music-hall song. Vulgarity still exists, but it has been wonderfully checked in recent years.

And now that the *casus belli* has adjusted itself, who shall say that the Examiner of Stage Plays was not perfectly right when, in a cordial and friendly fashion, he took Mr. George Edwardes aside and advised him to check the spirit of license that existed in his clever young men? The "Gaiety Girl" has proved a success, and has been congratulated on its one-hundredth performance, not because certain public functionaries were caricatured under the flimsiest disguise; not because a certain estimable, public-spirited, and popular clergyman, who is the soldiers' best friend, was made to do on the stage unseemly things; not because the more reckless members of the lighter artistic society were allowed to pose as heroes and heroines—but because the entertainment at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is, in a dramatic sense, far superior to an old-fashioned Gaiety burlesque; because it gives a young dramatic actress, Miss Maude Hobson, an opportunity of showing that she has in her an art superior to that of the mere figurante; because the fun as it stands is light, cheerful, and inoffensive; because the music is not only good but well sung; and because it has been proved up to the hilt that Mr. Harry Monkhouse is just as funny as an army surgeon in muffi as he was as an army chaplain in shovel hat and gaiters, coquetting with "speckled peaches" and peering into the crevices of bathing-machines. If ever there was an instance where the protecting attitude of a kindly censor was justified it was in this case of the "Gaiety Girl." Of what value is it to give unnecessary offence in a spirit of mere thoughtless recklessness? If we want the theatre to be for the people, and to please the people, let us leave differences of religion out of the question. When the playhouse becomes a debating club—as some desire it to be—believe me, it will lose its hold upon the public at large. It is a place of public amusement now; when it becomes an arena for the discussion of politics and religion it will soon become a bear-garden.

M O N T E C A R L O .
THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Julie achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

M. Raoul Gunsbourg has also arranged for representations, two or three weekly, of "Le Prophète," "Otello," "Aida," and the "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Madame Renée Richard, Tamagno, Carrère, and Souciac, till the middle of February, when "Arethusa," a new opera composed by Madame de Montgomerie, will be produced, with mythological groups and incidents after André Chénier's poem, the performers being Mdlles. Invernizzi and Morey, Messrs. Souciac and David.

Between Feb. 17 and Feb. 22 there are three representations of the "Damnation de Faust," by Berlioz, which M. Gunsbourg has adapted to the theatre; Madame d'Alba, Mdlle. Virginia Zucchi, Salza, and Melchisedec are the performers.

From Feb. 24 to March 1, three performances of Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Mdlle. Lola Beeth, Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Messrs. Van Dyck, Melchisedec, and Fabre.

In the first days of March three representations of the unpublished opera by César Frank, to be performed by Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Mdlle. Signer, Messrs. Scaramberg and Favre.

The further programme announces, from March 10 to April 17, two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Salza, and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembich, Messrs. Queyia and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyia; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mdlle. Elven, M. Queyia, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre will have been accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steink.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction. The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gerson, Jules Leleuvre, Dettailie, and Barnier, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carols Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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to the MEDITERRANEAN. — The ORIENT COMPANY'S Steamship GARONNE, 3576 tons register, 3000-horse power, will leave London on FEB. 22 for a Cruise of Eight Weeks, visiting LISBON, TANGIER, PALMA, NICE, LEGHORN, PALESTINE, TACOMA, SANTORINI, BREVOR (for DRAMAS), HAIFA, JAFFA (for Jerusalem), ALEXANDRIA (for Cairo), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR.

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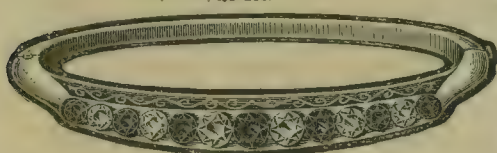
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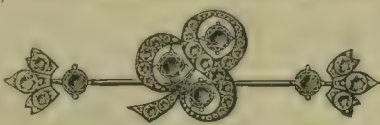
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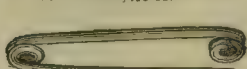
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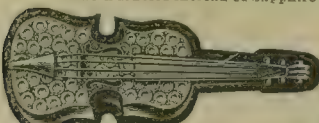
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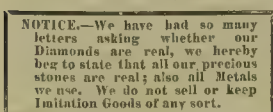
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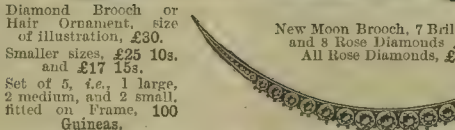


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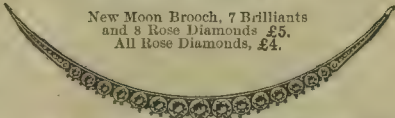


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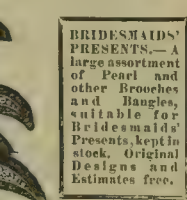
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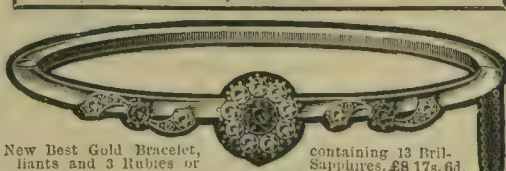


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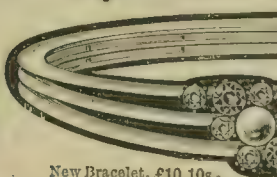
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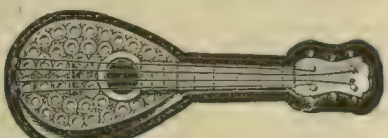
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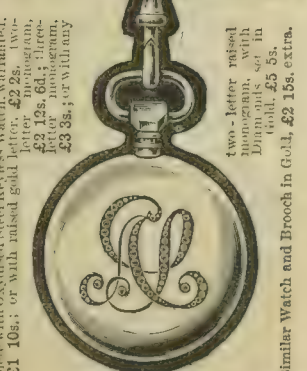
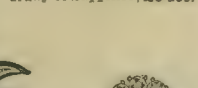
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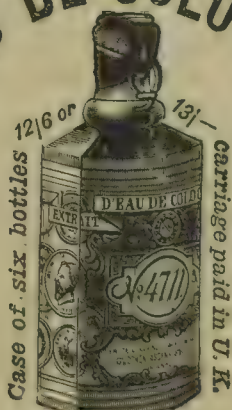
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 26, 1882), with four codicils (dated April 8, 1885, April 17, 1888, and June 23 and Nov. 7, 1892), of Mr. James Jardine, J.P., D.L., of Brookdale, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, and of Manchester, who died on Sept. 3, was proved at the Chester District Registry on Jan. 3 by James Oliver, Sir Horatio Lloyd, and Samuel Holland, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £348,000. The testator gives £500 and all his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Jardine; his property, Brookdale, with the furniture and effects, and £50,000 upon trust, for her for life or widowhood; and legacies to nieces, executors, and servants. There are also legacies to several Manchester charities. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his three daughters, Edith Anne, Emily, and Jessie Stuart.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1893) of Mr. John Button Wilcox, of Everton House, Ealing, who died on Dec. 7, was proved on Jan. 29 by John Wilcox, the son, John Sanderson, Alfred Bigland, and Matthew Noel Whiting, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £91,000. The testator bequeaths £400 and all his household furniture, plate and effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Wilcox; £20,000 Four per Cent. Guaranteed Stock of the Birkenhead Railway, upon trust, for his wife for life; then as to £10,000 thereof, upon further trusts, for Mrs. Una Whiting, and as to the remaining £10,000, upon further trusts, for his granddaughter Mrs. Emily Jane Bigland; fifty-one Six per Cent. General Mortgage Bonds of £200 each of the Pennsylvania Railway, upon trust, for his son John Wilcox; fifty-one Six per Cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds of £200 each of the Pennsylvania Railway, upon trust, for his grandson Arthur William Arkle; and a few other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one fourth each, upon trust, for the said John Wilcox, Una Whiting, Emily Jane Bigland, and Arthur William Arkle.

The will (dated May 19, 1888), with a codicil (dated Aug. 4, 1890), of Mr. Ambrose Basset, of The Shrubbery, Basingstoke, Hants, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 6 by James Smith Swinford and Charles Dorman, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the London City Mission, the London Orphan Asylum, the Haverstock Hill Working School, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), all free of duty; all his pictures (except a few specifically bequeathed), works of art, plate, furniture and effects, wines, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to his cousin, James Smith Swinford; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the said James Smith Swinford, for life; and then for Georgiana Barron and Catherine Barron, in equal moiety.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1890), with three codicils (dated July 7, 1890, March 20, 1891, and Sept. 5, 1892), of Miss Louisa Bignold, of Stanley House, Surrey Street, Norwich, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 30 by Miss Charlotte Lucy Bignold, the sister, and Charles Arthur Bathurst Bignold and David William Fenn, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testatrix gives £6000, her household furniture and effects, and her share and interest in Stanley House and other real estate, to her sister Charlotte Lucy Bignold; £6000, upon trust, for her said sister, for life; and many considerable legacies to brothers, nephews, and nieces; and there are legacies also to servants and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister Charlotte Lucy Bignold, and her nephews, Charles Arthur Bathurst Bignold and the Rev. Samuel Bickersteth.

The Scotch confirmation under seal of office of the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the holograph will (dated April 17, 1891) of Miss Harriet Fenwick Bisset, of 11, Albyn Terrace, Aberdeen, who died on Nov. 19, granted to Captain Maurice Elrington Bisset and the Rev. Mordaunt Elrington Bisset, the nephews, and executors nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £31,000.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1888), with four codicils (two dated March 14, 1890, and the others May 9, 1891, and Feb. 27, 1892), of Mr. William Wallis, of 2, East Street, Brighton, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 6 by

Edwin Booth and Henry Marcus Allen, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and, if he has not given it in his lifetime, £1000 to the National Life-boat Institution, to purchase and equip a life-boat, to be named the William Wallis, to be placed on any part of the British or Irish coasts, as the said institution shall think fit, both free of duty. There are also numerous legacies to friends, servants, and others.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 14, 1893), of Mr. John Hassard Short, D.L., J.P., of Edlington, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, and Elmhurst Lodge, Wimbledon, Surrey, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on Feb. 3 by Charles Godfrey Bolam, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator, in addition to some specific bequests to children, bequeaths £4000 upon trust for each of his daughters; £1500 to his son, Algernon Lawson Hassard Short; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his son, Edward Hassard Short, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 3, 1893) of Mr. George Mander Allender, of 31, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 29 at La Turbie, Nice, was proved on Feb. 2 by Leonard James Williams, James Duncan Moul, and Mrs. Edith Cornwell, the daughter, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator bequeaths 7000 shares in the Aylesbury Dairy Company, upon trust, for his grandson, George Moore Allender Rowe; 2000 shares in the same company, upon trust, for his grandson, Charles Dundas Allender Fenwick; and there are two or three other bequests. The residue of his property he leaves to his two daughters, Mrs. Edith Cornwell and Mrs. Amy Mander Fenwick, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 27, 1888) of the Hon. Mrs. Jane Frances Ashley, of Stratton Manor, Dorchester, and 12, Upper Grosvenor Street, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 26 by Miss Margaret Jane Ashley and Mrs. Emily Frances de Satgé, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8562. The

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testatrix devises Stratton Manor House, with a house adjoining, to her daughter Mrs. Satgé, conditionally on her daughter Margaret Jane having the use of certain apartments therein. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her said two daughters in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Inverness, of the holograph will (dated Nov. 18, 1885) of Mr. John Peter Grant, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, late of Rothiemurchus, Inverness-shire, who died at 115, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, on June 11, granted to Mrs. Marion Grant, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £3758.

The will and seven codicils of Anna Cécilie, Countess von Bernstorff, of Berlin, who died on Sept. 10, were proved in London on Feb. 5 by Andreas Petrus Count von Bernstorff, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to £1916.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE!

THERE has during the past few years been recorded some wonderful cases of life saving, most of which have been rewarded more or less as they deserved; but the case where the life of Mr. James F. S. Barry, of this town, was saved has never been recorded, we believe, until now. It is a wonderful case of life saving, and one where the credit belongs not to a person but to an article. We will relate the case in Mr. Barry's own words, as taken down by one of our reporters:—

"Nearly two years I was a great sufferer from Indigestion and Blood Poisoning. I lost flesh very rapidly, and my strength left me to such an extent that I was hardly able to walk.

My doctors and my friends all thought I was not long for this world, and I thought so myself. I became very low, was finally confined to my room and bed for nearly two months. My case was considered hopeless until, finally, one of my doctors recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound, saying that 'Although it was a so-called Patent Medicine, he believed it to possess great power over disease.' Acting on his advice, I began taking this medicine, and in a few days I felt better. I began to relish my food, I slept better, and my food seemed to do me good. Continuing this medicine for a few weeks, I finally became perfectly cured and well. I have gained more than two stones in weight since I began taking Vogeler's Curative Compound. I am myself once more, and I recommend this medicine to all suffering as I was."

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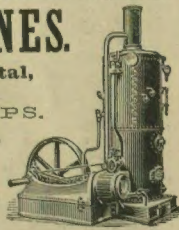
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ASTHMA CURE GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

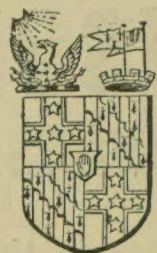
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WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
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OBITUARY.

SIR HARRY VERNEY, BART.

The Right Hon. Sir Harry Verney, Bart., of Claydon House, Bucks, P.C., J.P. and D.L., died on Feb. 12. Sir Harry, who was born in 1801, was the son of General Sir Harry Calvert, G.C.B., K.H. (descended from the Calverts of Albury Hall, Herts), who was created Baronet Dec. 3, 1818. He assumed the surname of Verney on succeeding to the estates of Mary Verney, Baroness Fermanagh, in 1827. The late Baronet was a major in the Army. From 1832 to 1841 he represented Buckingham in Parliament, and also from 1857 to 1874 and from 1880 to 1885. He was M.P. for Bedford from 1847 to 1852. In 1835 he married Eliza, daughter of Admiral Sir George Hope, K.C.B., who died in 1857. He married secondly, in 1858, Frances Parthenope, eldest daughter of Mr. William Edward Nightingale, of Embly, Hants, and



sister of Miss Florence Nightingale, which lady also predeceased him in 1890. Sir Edmund Hope Verney, the present Baronet, his eldest son, was formerly a captain in the Royal Navy, and represented North Bucks in Parliament 1885 to 1886 and 1889 to 1891. He married, in 1868, Margaret Maria, daughter of Sir John Hay Williams, Bart., and has issue.

We have also to record the death of—

Mr. John Patrick Prendergast, so well known in Ireland as the author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," recently, at his residence near Dublin. Mr. Prendergast was born March 7, 1808, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1830. He devoted himself, however, exclusively to historical researches, and in 1865 was appointed Commissioner, jointly with Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, to examine the Carte Collection at Oxford, and in 1870 to calendar the State Papers (Ireland) of James I. He did not long survive the death of Sir Bernard Burke, between whom and himself there existed the closest friendship.

A CHALLENGE! OFFICIAL HEALTH REPORT.

As a health resort, St. Lawrence-on-Sea stands pre-eminent. Notwithstanding the prevalence of influenza more or less in all South Coast Seaside Resorts, not a single death was registered for the week ending Dec. 29, 1891, with a normal population of over 25,000, in addition to visitors.

For the three months ending Nov. 30, 1893, the extraordinary low death-rate of 10 per 1000 prevailed.

GRANVILLE HOTEL, St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Ramsgate.

Heated Throughout. Inclusive Terms from 10/6 a Day.

The Granville Express runs daily, per L.C.D.R. and S.E.R., reaching Ramsgate in two hours. See Timetables.

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soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain,
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Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

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Many hundreds of persons from England, Scotland, India, and elsewhere are engaged in Fruit-growing at the great Irrigation Colonies now being established on the River Murray, in Victoria and South Australia, with reference to which the "Melbourne Argus" reports that "an enormous amount of work has been accomplished; the original wilderness of five years ago having been transformed into a charming country with well-ordered orchards and vineyards, fully a million of money having been laid out in the settlement of the colonies." The Australian Irrigation Colonies offer a most attractive field for investment with or without occupation, the soil being most productive, the climate invigorating, the life healthy, and the industry a remarkably remunerative one. Full particulars, and terms upon which a Fruit Plantation may be secured, may be obtained, post free, from the office of the AUSTRALIAN IRRIGATION COLONIES (CHAFFEY BROS., Limited), 33, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

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Miss ADA REHAN as VIOLA. MATINEE To-day (Saturday), at 2. MATINEES also on Saturday, Feb. 24, and March 3 and 10. Special Extra Matinees on Wednesday, Feb. 28 (for the Gordon Home for Boys), on Wednesday, March 7 (for Lady Jeune's Home for Deserter Mothers and Children, under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian), and on Wednesday, March 14 (for the Actors' Benevolent Fund).—Box Office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries. "An ideal performance."

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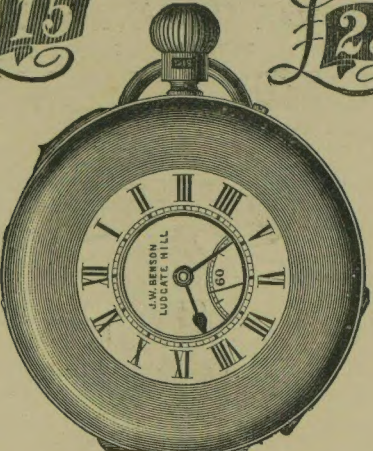
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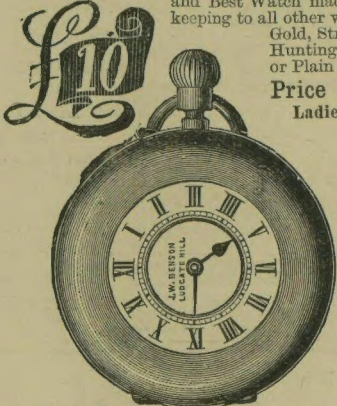
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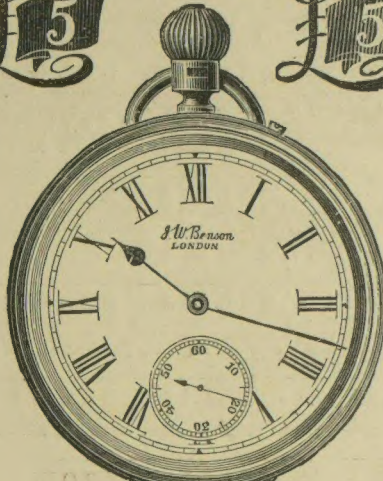
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RARE & PRECIOUS PERFUMES
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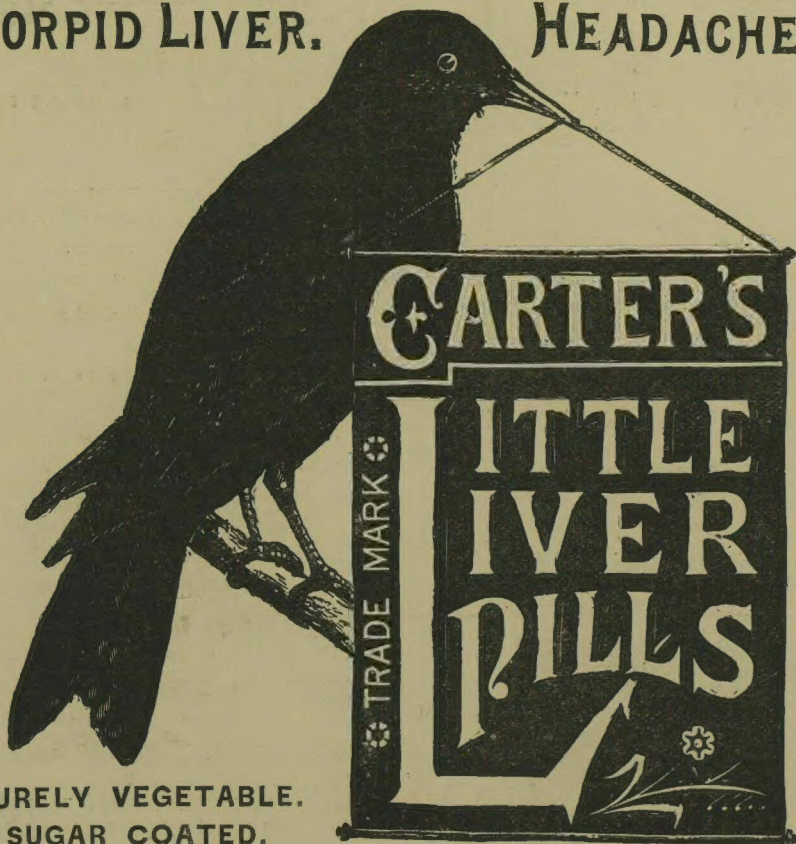
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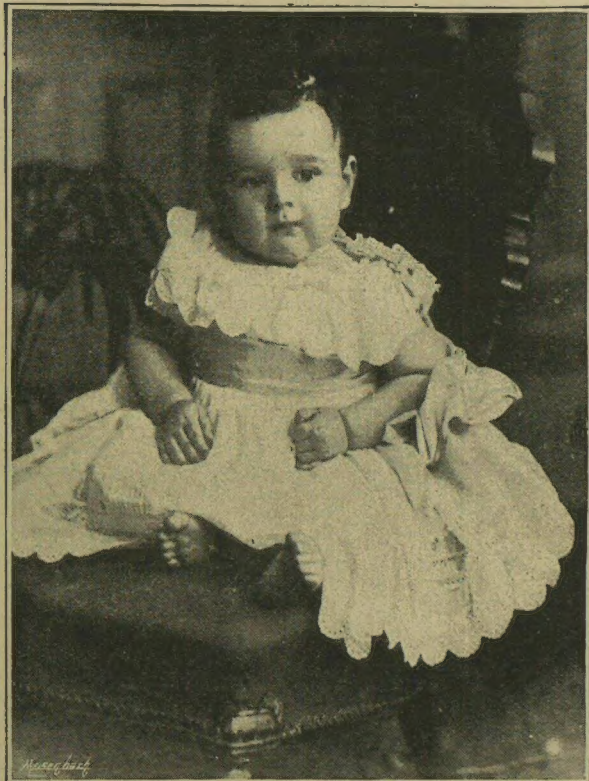
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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1886: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

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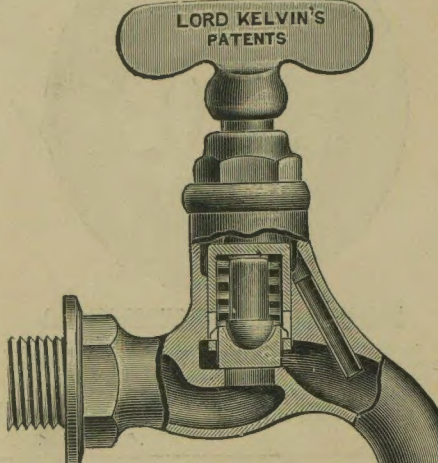
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